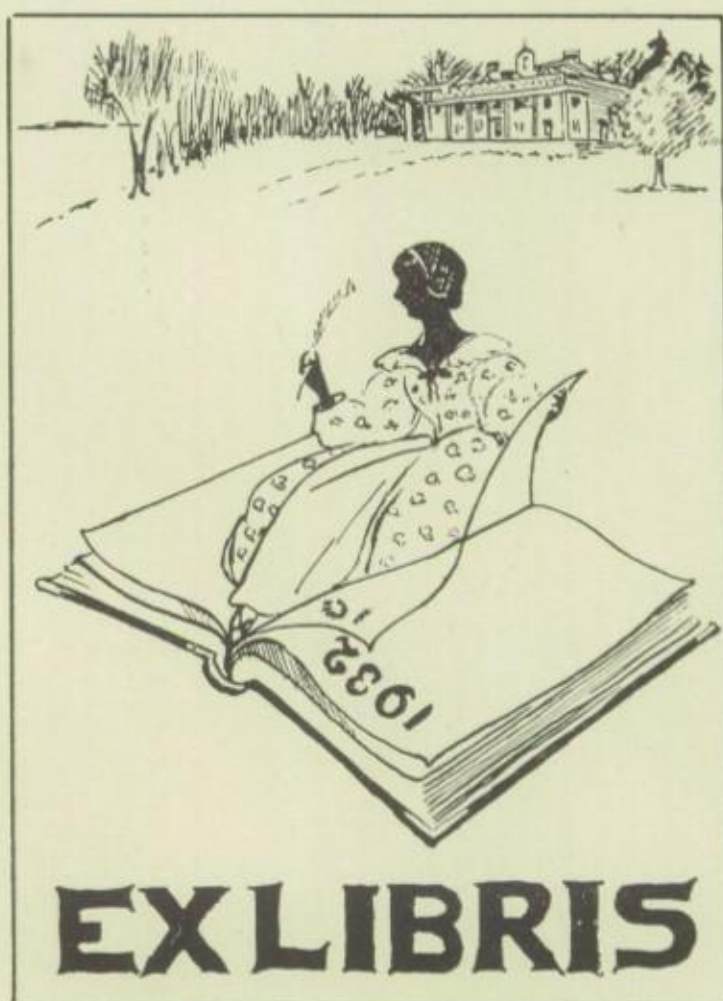


The Point Log



1932



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The Point Log

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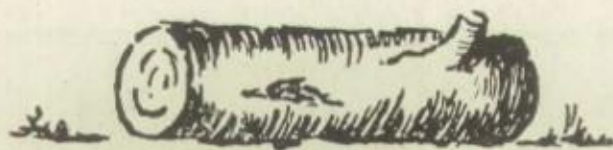
OF

Gray Court

STAMFORD, CONN.

1932

Vol. XI



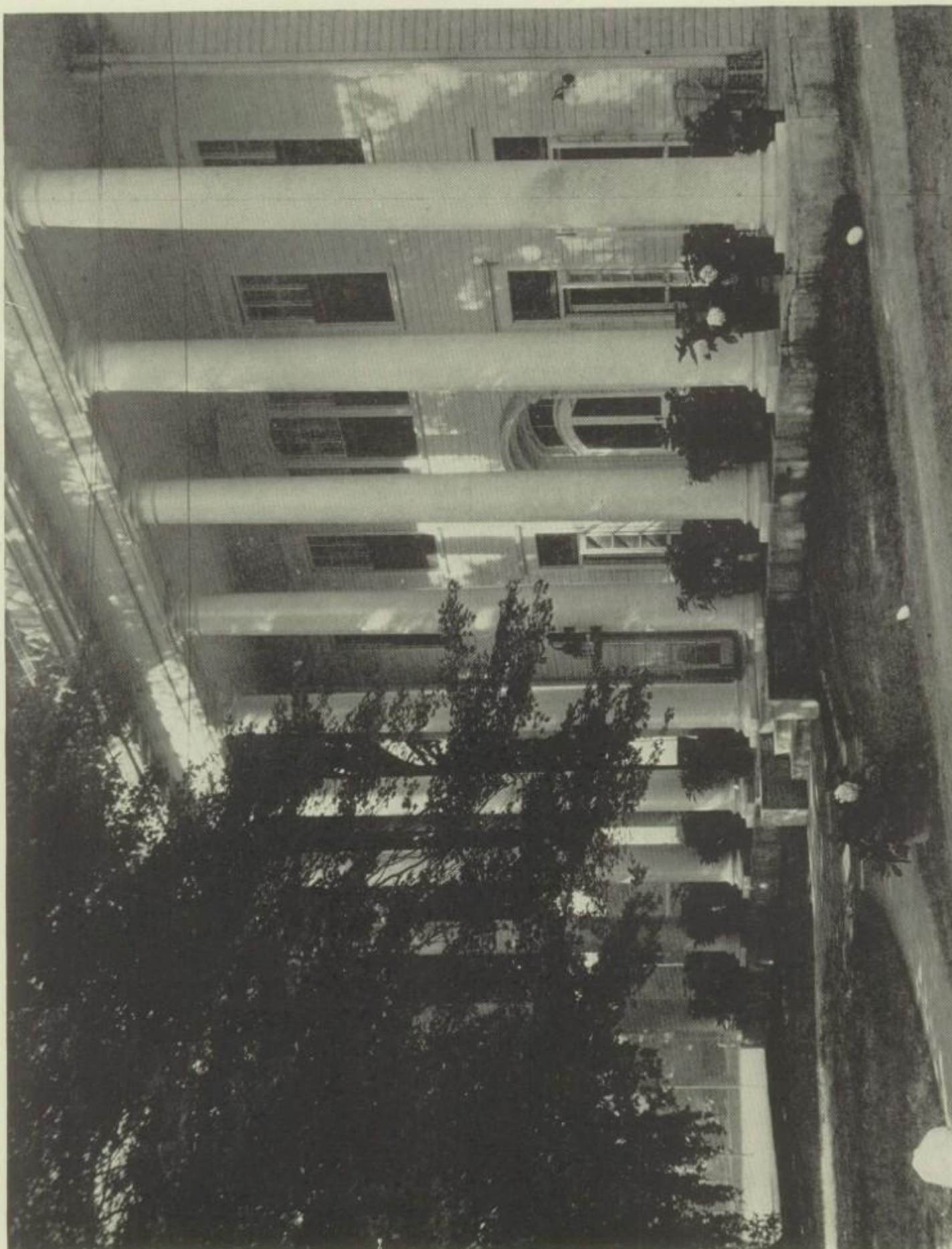
Dedication

IN loving and loyal appreciation of her constant friendship, aid, and encouragement, we, the class of '32 dedicate this eleventh volume of the POINT LOG to

Miss Jessie Callam Gray,
our Principal and class councillor



MISS JESSIE CALLAM GRAY



MAIN BUILDING



GRAY COURT

Graceful in the beauty of thy pillars tall,
Rising, fair and steadfast, near the old sea wall,
Ardently inspiring those who come thy way,
Youthful hearts are singing praise of thee today.

Calmly thou are standing, through the years that pass,
Off'ring joy and beauty to each eager lass;
Undisturbed by tempests, changeless in thy love,
Radiant and kindly, like the skies above,
Thou, dear Alma Mater, thou art ours to love.

A SONNET

Gray Court, thy head is lifted high,
In calm serenity, with much grace,
Calm and serene, beneath the friendly sky
Which watches thee and bends to touch thy face.
Mayhap the winds may beat thee, fierce and wild,
Long may the sun from thee be hid away,
And then, when storms are gone, the heavens mild,
Almost may thou be touched by wind-driven spray.
Yet thou dost never bend to those less strong,
Thou knowest the sun and moon and stars for friend,
And thou who hast stood proudly here so long
Shalt stand serene and calm unto the end.
Thou holdest thy head with glad assurance high,
And o'er thee bends the guarding, tender sky.



POINT LOG STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	DOROTHY PICKENS
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	FRANCES REAVES
<i>Business Managers</i>	{ LOUISE MEAD MARJORIE EBERHARDT
<i>Art Editors</i>	{ RUTH COLEMAN BARBARA HARDING
<i>Joke Editor</i>	GRACE WOODWORTH
<i>Alumnae Recorder</i>	BETTY MEAD

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AN APPRECIATION

To Miss Gray, Mrs. Huey, Miss Blockburger, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Hatch, Miss Wells, Miss Penick, the Point Log Staff wishes to extend its most grateful appreciation for the very generous aid and encouragement rendered by them during the publication of this Volume XI of the Point Log.

1732



1932

EDITORIAL

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

IN OCTOBER of the memorable year of 1931, eight comrades, remembering the ideals established two centuries ago by the hero of our country, again started out in search of knowledge.

Some were soon entangled in complex alliances with squares, hypotenuses, and right triangles. Others stood, as if enchanted, in front of their easels looking thoughtfully at the richly colored fields of flowers, trees and woods just created with their brushes. The remaining few delved into legends old of bold knights and ladies fair and stories of elves, wood nymphs and dragons. Sometimes Morpheus with his train of fickle pensioners lured them into dreamland or Puck came along and led one astray, but consistently they all united again for a dip into the Sound or a game at their favorite sport.

Although they found the diversions invigorating they were always anxious to go back to the pursuit of knowledge, and as the search drew near an end they felt as if their souls had been enriched but the journey had just begun.

The crossroad was here and they paused for a time in a quandary as to which road to travel, until, with one accord, they looked to the right, and at the horizon their crimson watch star beckoned to them to go onward.

The eight comrades were sad and reluctant to leave the pleasant haunt where they had spent so many happy and prosperous hours, but anxious to enter the world of good citizenship and become travelers with the rest, hand in hand they wended their way into the world.



TO GRAY COURT SCHOOL

Songs the waves have sung to us,
Of alluring seas,
Secrets that the winds have told,
Whispering in the trees,
Splendors of the setting sun,
Moonrise o'er the leas,
Beauty, laughter, joy—we shall
Long remember these.

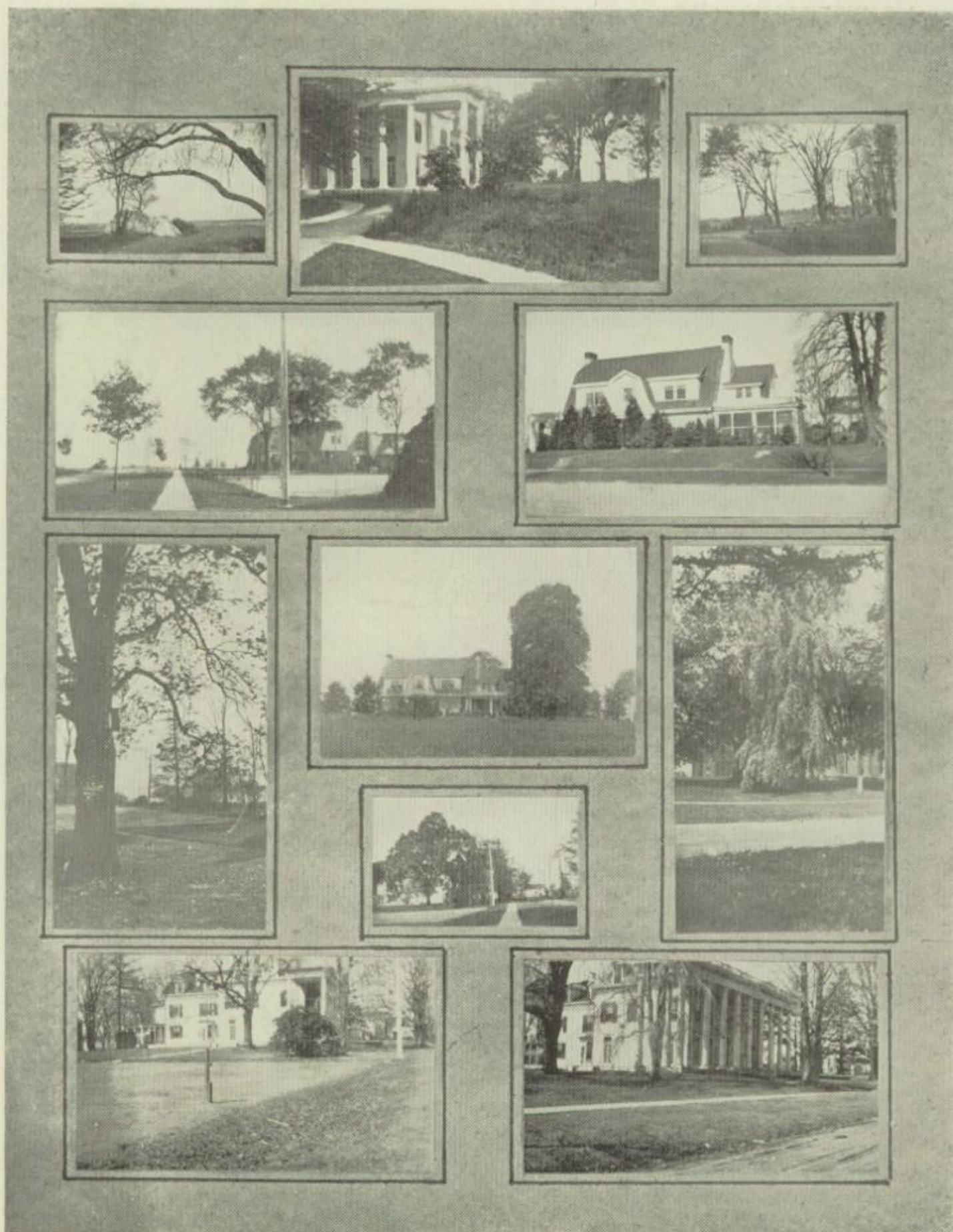


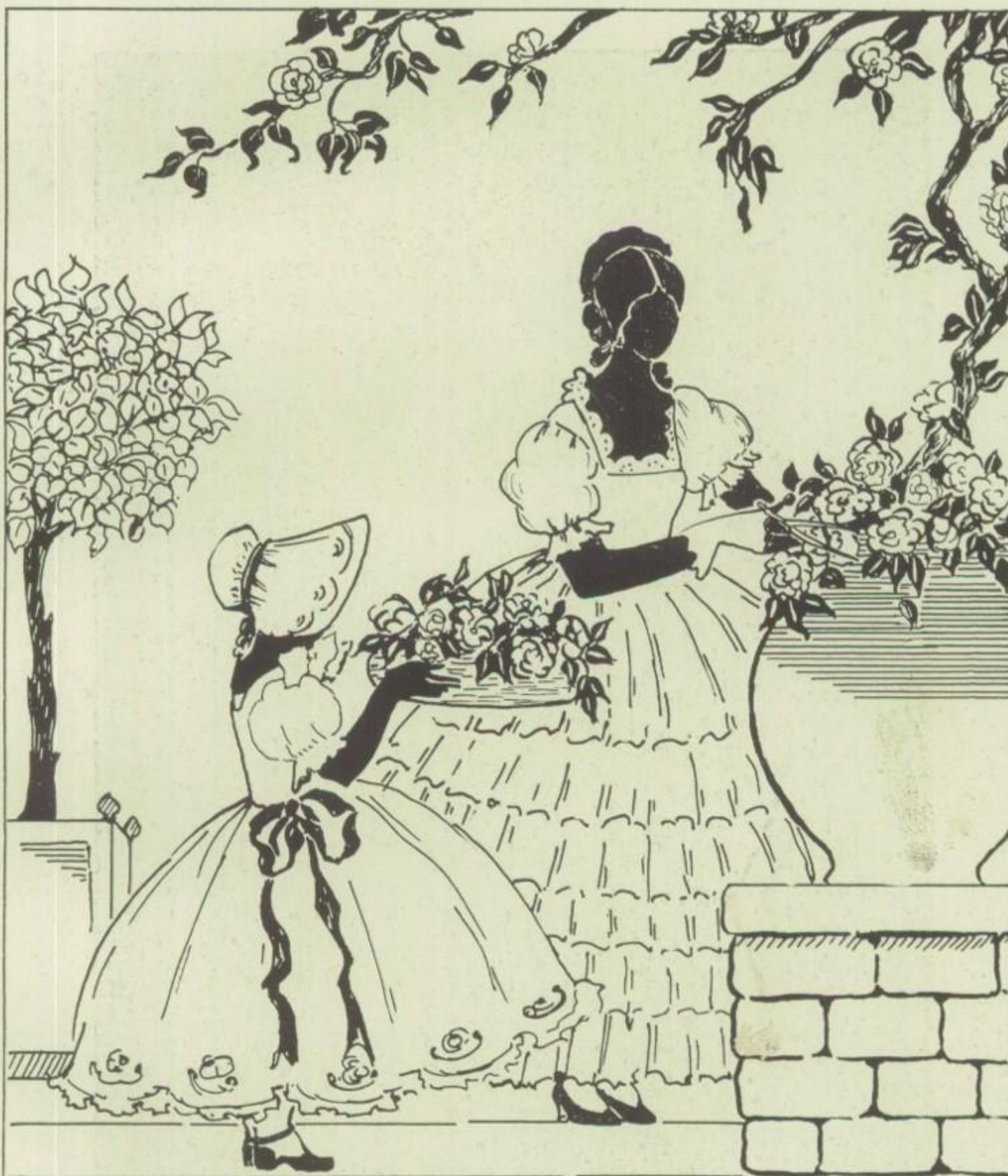


RETROSPECT

O school, what shall we take of thee for ours
To keep long after we have left thy halls?
O shall it be the perfume of thy flowers,
Or thoughts of moon-traced shadows on thy walls?
O shall it be the murmur of the seas
That sing so near their changeful melody,
Or evening whispers of a passing breeze
That steals with silent step across the lea?

All these—ah, we would cherish them as ours,
And hold them deep at heart through years to come.
Remembrance, too, brings back fleet, golden hours
Spent there with comrades true. Ah, 'tis the sum
Of these great joys and many more, thou port
Of happiness, that makes thee loved, Gray Court.





FACULTY . . .



MISS JESSIE CALLAM GRAY



FACULTY

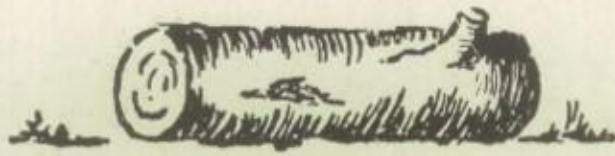


Photo by Ing-John

GRAY HOUSE



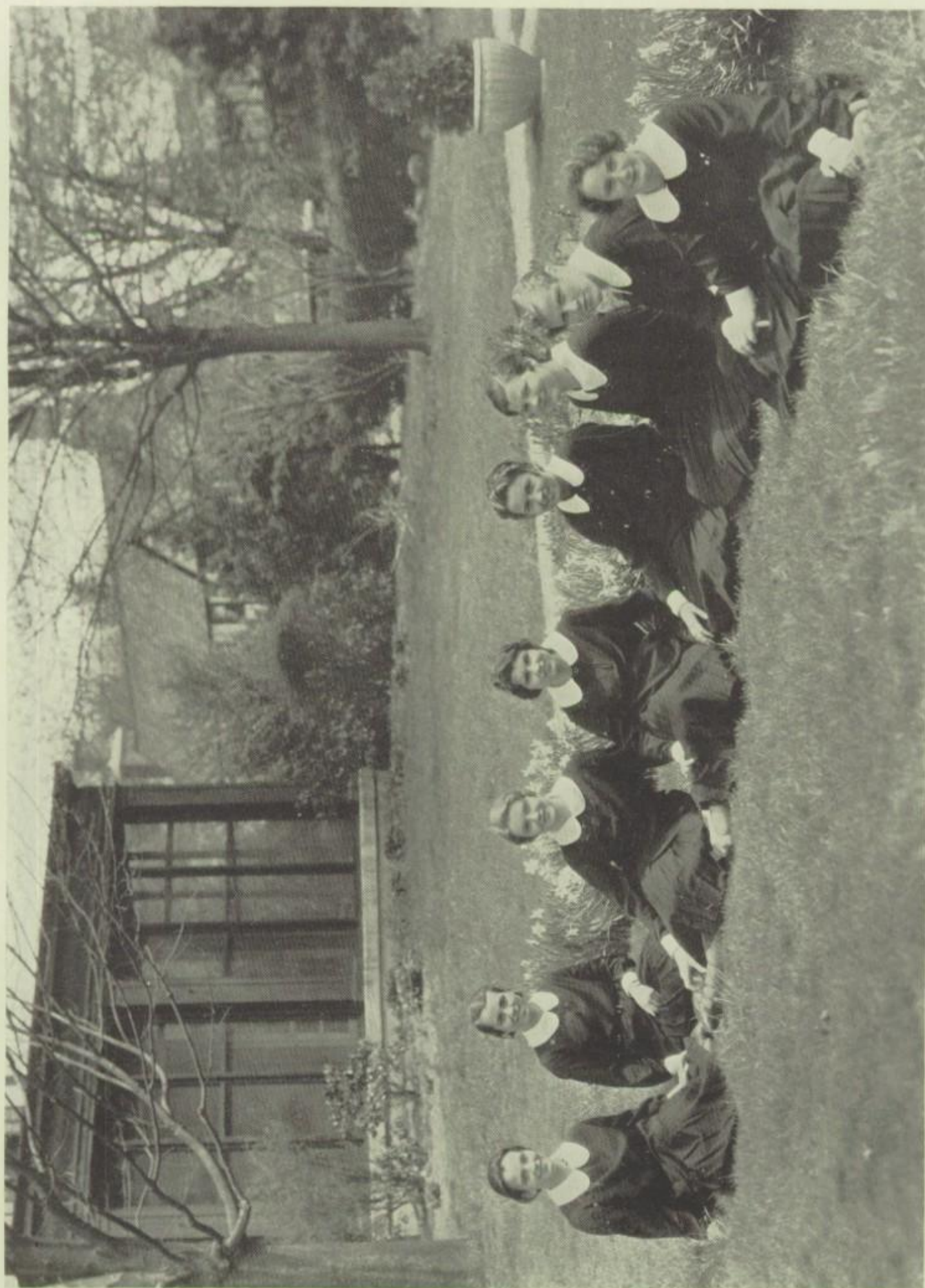
Photo by Ing-John

ANNEX





MISS BERNICE TOWNSEND PORTER
Advisor to the Log





DOROTHY T. PICKENS
Flushing, New York.
College Preparatory Course.
Captain of Gray Team.
Honor Girl of 1929.

Editor in Chief of Point Log.
President of Senior Class.
Member of Alpha.
Winner of Athletic Cup—1930.
Entered 1922.

Dorothy, D. P. the jolly.
Overpowers melancholy;
Right you are, D. P., to smile!—
One would always walk a mile
To hear our Madame President
Her opinion present;
Yes, her thoughts are quite worth while.

Play good tennis? Can she? Say
In the future D. P. may
Capture cups and trophies rare,
Keeping people everywhere
Envious of her fame. But she
Never from Gray Court will be
Separated, in her memory.



RUTH COLEMAN
Great Neck, New York.
General Course.
Gray Team.

Art Editor of Point Log.
President of Alpha.
Winner of Athletic Cup—1927.
Entered 1923.

Ruth is fashioned like her name;
Under calm she hides a flame
That can sparkle bright with glee—
Have you heard her repartee?

Could one read her future fair
On Fate's tablets written, dare
Look and see her talents grow—
Each would stronger be, we know:
Music, springing from the heart,
And the gracious charm of art,
Now and ever in her life will flow.



E. ELIZABETH MEAD
Stamford, Connecticut.
General Course.
Gray Team.
Winner of Scholarship Medals
in 1926 and in 1928.

Alumnae Recorder for Point
Log.
Member of Alpha.
Winner of Athletic Cup—1926.
Entered 1924.

Betty's studiousness endures
Even when gay sunshine lures;
Though her active mind has set
The pace in learning, still and yet
You laugh and dance, with our best Bet.

Maybe some day she will coil
Each twisted rope on foreign soil,
And smiling, bow to wild acclaim—
Delighting thousands with her skill
and fame.



F. LOUISE MEAD
Stamford, Connecticut.
General Course.
Gold Team.

Business Manager of Point
Log.
Member of Alpha.
Winner of Athletic Cup—1925.
Entered 1924.

Lou is merry, quick and gay;
On the piano she will play
Up and down, and every way.

Making friends, for her, or song,
Easy is as days are long.
As she frolics through the years
Doleful hearts her buoyant spirit cheers.



BARBARA L. HARDING
Stamford, Connecticut.
General Course.
Gold Team.

Assistant Art Editor of Point
Log.
Member of Alpha.
Entered 1924.

Barbara, though pocket-size,
Ample wit and thought supplies
Regardless of the type of need,
Because her brain is full of speed.
Attractive, never more than when
Regaling us with dances, then
A graceful sight she is indeed.

However far herself may roam
Away from friends and former home,
Remembrance in our hearts will dwell:
Devoted friends, we wish her well
In every task she may begin.
New successes may she win—
Gray Court's glories may she always tell



MARJORIE M. EBERHARDT
East Orange, New Jersey.
College Preparatory Course.
Gray Team.
Winner of Scholarship Medals
in 1930 and in 1931.

Many are the books she reads,
As the world around her speeds;
Rather than her cakes and ale,
Give our Marge a well-wrought tale,
Eloquent of human deeds.

Assistant Business Manager of
Point Log.
Secretary and Treasurer of
Senior Class.
Secretary and Treasurer of Alpha.
Entered 1926.

Ever thoughtful, keen, and kind—
By her clever self we find
Every heart is captured. Nay,
Racking brains shall day by day
Hail her with their problems knotty,
And, before they're driven dotty,
Reach solutions, thanks to one
Doing things that should be done—
Teaching, in the future, just for fun.



FRANCES E. REAVES
Rye, New York.
General Course.

Cheer Leader of Gray Team.
Assistant Editor of Point Log.
Member of Alpha.
Entered 1927.

South is she who dotes, you know,
On the cheery radio.
Undismayed by gloom or sadness,
To its tune she sings with gladness—
Happy, dancing to and fro.

Rather than a life of ease,
Even poverty would please
And delight her, if perchance—
Very full of high romance—
Ever present Fate should bounce her
Some poor handsome radio announcer.



GRACE M. WOODWORTH
New London, Connecticut.
General Course.
Gold Team.

Secretary of Point Log.
Member of Alpha.
Entered 1930.

Grace, with quiet kindness, lends
Ready help to all her friends;
As she goes her daily round,
Calm and pleasant she is found,
Even when dark days abound.

Whither will her fortune lead?
On land or ocean will she speed,
Or, flying, soar among the clouds
Defying danger—daze the crowds
Who cluster cheering as she goes?
Our Grace, as everybody knows,
Remains in all things so serene
That any course she takes will mean
Her true success in every effort seen.



CLASS HISTORY

IN 1922 Dorothy Pickens came tripping through the stately halls of Gray Court to begin that famous class of '32. Dippy was practically square in dimensions, but possessed that never-failing good humor which accompanies those with an inclination to chubbiness.

Dip was joined the following year by our staunch Irishman, Ruthie Coleman. Yes, red head and freckles in full attendance. (It's all right, Ruthie, we like 'em). Ruthie, as you know, is that dignified, well-poised Senior, who swings a mean racket out on the courts every year.

In '24, Betty and Lou Mead and Barbara Harding joined us. Betty and Lou kept us up to date with Zane Grey and those "Buffalo Bill" serials. Lou's idea of Heaven is a horse-ranch. Bet and Lou can rival Will Rogers with their lariat tricks, and by the way the three of them ride you would think that they had been born on horses. Barbara, however, likes best to dance, and the way in which she can trip it, is a marvel to the rest of us who can only look on and wonder how any one can be so light on her toes.

1926 and '27 brought Marjorie Eberhardt and Frances Reaves. Marge, our brilliant mathematician, taught us our arithmetic tables in those days after our ever patient teacher had wearied. South, as you doubtless know, brought her slow lazy smile and Southern drawl, along with her great gift of argumentation.

From New London, in 1930, came Gracie Woodworth into our charmed circle of old timers, and with her air of friendliness and generosity fitted in as though she had always been with us. We also might mention that Gracie is our champion at blushing, but we're taking our lives in our hands in mentioning this.

With such material the present class of '32 was bound to have a pretty famous reputation.

In the early days, about 1926, Ruthie acquired a passion for stamping on pearls to satisfy her curiosity as to whether they were real or not. Dippy, always striving to please, formed a habit of saying sweetly to certain teachers, "Oh! you look just like the last rose of summer," and could never understand why her compliment was not appreciated. South had a terrifying capacity for original "big words." Mr. Webster would roll over in his grave if he could have heard some of the conglomerations. Marge spent most of her time in Mrs. Spinner's room (with the rest of us) writing "I will be good" a hundred times and no ditto marks either.

But Dippy's favorite trick was inventing ways and means to keep a pal from spending an afternoon at the piano banging out scales. We can well remember the day she stood before South and told her glibly



that it was Mrs. Abell's birthday and no one need practice. South skipped out joyously to build snow forts with the shameless Miss Pickens. Being happy over her recreation the story was related by the victim at dinner. Miss Gray heard and as a result, South vowed she'd meet Dip "behind the barn before the night was over." Evidently Miss Gray doubted the veracity of Mrs. Abell's birthday.

One occurrence that we never could understand was why a teacher should object to us parading into class with our books in the largest suitcases we could find, when she had distinctly ordered that we collect them in a satchel of some kind and refrain from dropping them all over the place. Our pride was sorely wounded, we had aimed to please and again had missed the mark.

Needless to say whenever the least thing went wrong or anything was upset, the word went around that it was that "eighth grade" again. The report was seldom wrong.

During '29, '30, and '31 we acquired a touch of sophistication (or so we called it), shoes with a two-inch heel (and were we proud) and a certain swagger that sadly proved though we would not have termed it thus, that we were in the awkward stage of "growing up."

We organized our class, selected lovely red roses as our class flower, proudly waved our red and white banner, wore our red berets with our numerals, and flaunted our class pins in the most conspicuous places, entertained our sister class, procured a class advisor, and paved the way to the splendid organization now prominent in every class. Yes, we started every thing, good or bad.

Now we stand proudly, but nervously, the graduating class of Gray Court.

D. P. our veteran with ideas of becoming a foreign correspondent in the back of her mind.

Marge someday hoping to be a famous physicist (maybe she'll be able to explain the Einstein Theory to us).

Bet and Lou ready to join their horse-ranch.

Grace choosing a domestic life in preference to the public eye.

South ready to enter the literary field.

Barbara with plans for the stage, and Ruthie with no definite plans but having acquired a self-assurance and self-confidence that will get her where she wants.

In our hustle and bustle preceding our departure from our pals and advisors, one might wonder over a certain choking feeling as we call to mind our past years, and try to forget it with a laugh.

We leave and yet we take with us always the memory of our class, our youthful joys and enthusiasms—tears.

And who of us shall sit with dry eyes when Gray Court bids "Farewell to the Seniors."



THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1932

WE, the highly respected and beloved Class of 1932, being of unsound but benevolent turn of mind, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament, and do bestow upon our faculty and friends at Gray Court, with due appreciation, the following:

- To Miss Gray—A Senior Class who can run the school as well as the present one.
- To Miss Porter—That long sought after vacation.
- To Mrs. Abell—A mariner's chart, showing a well defined channel to the Gray House, for the use of her pupils.
- To Miss Blockburger—A private parking place for "Dandelion."
- To Mrs. Sommers—A bell hop to keep track of Emmy Lou.
- To Mrs. Hunt—A complete edition of Rand-McNally's maps.
- To Mrs. Hatch—As enterprising a Physics class as her last one.
- To Mrs. Huey—A private air-line between here and Akron.
- To Mrs. Hunter—A few more fountain pens for her various classes.
- To Mlle Horn—A bell, so that she may be able to save her voice when rousing the Gray House.
- To Miss Wells—An express wagon to carry around her books.
- To Miss Penick—A non-revolving piano stool.
- To Miss Pritchard—A car she can call her own.
- To Miss Lenci—A gallery in which to place the many works of art she receives from her pupils.
- To Marjorie Burrelle—A copy of Boswell's Johnson, to learn how it is done.
- To Dorothy Herck—A few more French verbs to learn . . . for someone else.
- To Henrietta Herck—A private sitting room.
- To Katherine Mapp—A punching bag labelled "Popetti."
- To Adele Spalletta—Opportunities for many more impersonations of Barrie's plays.
- To Margaret Dodge—A little avoirdupois.
- To Carolyn Logan—A pair of eyebrows.
- To Aasta Pedersen—Her "Tuesday" letter every day.
- To Helen Rinke—"Life-savers."
- To Barbara Colton—A permanent seat at the Palace.
- To Kathleen Harris—A few hair pins to be found in convenient places.
- To Lois McIntyre—Winner of the tennis tournament for next season.



- To Dorothy Malatesta—More impersonations to please her audiences.
To Margaret Parry—An album in which to keep the pictures of her favorite stars.
To Sophie Tschirn—An eat and grow thin diet.
To Mary Barrett—Basket Ball Championship.
To Frances Belcher—An unending supply of cookies to hand out to a senior.
To Vivian Faulkner—A permanent seat in Miss Gray's room.
To Aimee Hunnicutt—That long awaited picture of D. P.
To June Melville—A sun-ray machine to go with out-door temperament.
To Florence Nimick—Privilege of being "business manager" of the Point Log for 1936.
To Mary Parmenter—A shorter route from Buffalo.
To Jane Perkins—A grown-up appearance.
To Betty Richmond—Another group of trees to climb.
To Lucille Shine—Very special opportunities for wading.
To Theresa Utitz—A new coiffure.
To Elinor Barrett—The Gray Cheer Leader in '34.
To Louise Grominger—A permanent position as "forward" on the basket ball team.
To Olga Hamilton—A permanent permanent wave.
To Faith Mead—A contract from M.G.M. studios.
To Jean Parry—Latest method for keeping track of her sisters.
To Blossom Rogers—A permanent lease on that contagious smile.
To Dorothy Rouse—Much wonderful success as a pianist.
To Gloria Steendal—A loudspeaker.
To Jacqueline Collins—More songs to teach the Golds.
To Marjorie Fox—A contract with the Theatre Guild to produce her many plays.
To Lollie Harris—Some one to braid her hair at convenient times.
To Beatrice Nimick—Editor of the Point Long for '38.
To Lois Stringfield—A book in which to write all the cunning stories about her little dog.
To Sylvia von Gontard—A few more excuses.
To Jane Huszagh—A cow bell on Fatty so she can always hear him.
To Betsy Leavitt—A joyous trip to Annapolis.
To Virginia Page—Something to preserve that school girl complexion.
To Edna Skinner—A complete set of The Rover Boy Books.
To Emily Stringfield—A rowing machine to keep her from putting on too many pounds.



- To Babette Rodrigues—A skipping rope that will not wear out.
To Alison Holman—A library of Fairy Tale books.
To Trientje Hood—A more commanding voice to compel Dickie out of the tree tops.
To Patsy Leavitt—Permission to wear boy's clothes to school.
To Barbara Schick—A baseball and a bag of marbles like the other boys.
To Emmy Lou Sommers—An Austin roadster to bring her dolls to school.
To Marie Wilder—Future referee of Basket Ball games.
To Sally Brown—A roommate who prefers to sleep at night.
To Martha Savage—A few more shelves to hold her many toys.
To Barbara Stephens—A legitimate midnight rendezvous.
To Diane Pitman—A questionnaire.
To Joanne Rose—A future appointment to lead the "Pep" meetings.
To Betsy Stafford—Permission to stay for luncheon every day.
To Virginia Reiner—A real horse on which to put her harnesses.

Whereunto we, the undersigned, have hereby set our names and affixed our seal on this, the second day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

THE CLASS OF 1932.



PROPHECY

THE Class of 1932 has really done very well during the past years to hold its reunions regularly, but this year so many of the girls were at such distant points we decided not to hold one, very much to my disappointment.

In lieu of the reunion then, I suggested to D. P. that we take a trip to Washington and we began at once to make all arrangements, though it was some months before we were finally on our way.

When I planned this trip I decided that I would keep a record of the more eventful incidents, in order not to forget the many interesting things that were bound to happen. D. P., who is still studying languages (she knows a great many now and is probably the most proficient in the country), went with me and we certainly did have a marvelous time.

We arrived at Pennsylvania Station in the early morning and, while waiting for train time, who should we see standing at the In-



formation Desk but three of our classmates, Betty, Lou, and Barbara. The twins had just come in to New York for a shopping tour, as Betty, now a smart young secretary to the President of one of New England's largest firms, had decided that Lou, who had come East for a vacation from her Arizona ranch, was badly in need of clothes. Barbara, who is busy with her many dancing classes in New York, had come to meet them. We had a pleasant little chat and heard many bits of news about some of our Stamford school chums. Jean Parry and Dolly Rouse are in their Senior year at College, having a wonderful time. Winkie Mead decided not to continue in literary ways but, after taking a two-years business course, is busily trying to keep up with Betty. Helen Rinke is the Math. teacher at Gray Court and is having a hard time with her Junior Geometry class, Sally Brown, Barbara Stephens, and Martha Savage. It is hard to believe that those three, who were such youngsters when we knew them, could have attained such heights. Barbara then told us that while walking up Fifth Avenue a few days previously, she had met a very stylishly dressed woman who turned out to be no less than Maggie Dodge herself. She and Lynn are now the proprietors of an exclusive dress shop.

We heard our train called, and by waiting to hear one more report that Lucille Shine, in our day a member of the illustrious eighth grade, is working hard for her Master's Degree, we almost missed it, but, after a mad rush, we pushed through the gates to our train and found our chairs. There in the car, sitting away at the other end was Ruth Coleman. Neither of us had seen her for several years so our trip was made enjoyable by much interchange of Gray Court news. Ruthie herself is now a designer of distinctive gowns, and it surprised us greatly to hear that her latest customer had been June Melville, Paramount's newest and greatest actress. Nonie has been married for several years and is enjoying her little home in Greenwich very much. Vivian Faulkner and Theresa Utitz are touring the country as concert pianists, and, while in the West, had seen Sylvia von Gontard, United States' champion skater.

The train sped along and finally stopped at Philadelphia. The first person to get on the train was South, loaded with instruments and followed by several members of her famous orchestra, among whom were Gloria Steendal, pianist, and Mary Parmenter, an expert at the guitar. It was so nice to see them again, and D. P. and South, who had not seen each other for two whole months, were especially elated! South told us that Betty Richmond has entered politics and is becoming a most proficient speaker, and that Blossom Rogers and Olga Hamilton are attending a Southern College, where they are, without a doubt, the



leaders of the Senior Class. Gloria announced that Aasta is in Norway for a visit, having taken time off from her position as buyer, in one of New York's large stores. Mary said that her ex-roommate Frances Belcher, and Aimee Hunnicutt now own a three-ring circus which is the pride of New London, and that Mary Barrett is spending a year in Paris.

The train sped along and, after several hours, we found ourselves at Union Station. There at last, and what a thrill our trip was going to be! We managed to find our baggage among sundry others and decided to look over the magnificent Terminal. While walking through the Passenger Concourse we came face to face with a group of laughing young women. When we saw who they were, we stood back! This trip was certainly turning out to be a regular Gray Court Reunion, for there were Babs, Edna Skinner, Emily Stringfield and Betsy Leavitt, who were using up all their college cuts for a few days sojourn in our Capitol. They looked very pretty and happy, and they, too, had news for us. Virginia Page is now a Beauty Specialist of the highest sort, and gives nightly talks over the radio for Elizabeth Arden, and Jane Huszagh, who had hoped to join these ambitious young Sophomores, found that her Connecticut farm, where she breeds dogs for every purpose, was proving to be too much of a responsibility for her to leave at this time.

Then we all departed for our various destinations, D. P. and I going to our hotel. For that afternoon we had planned a sight-seeing tour, first going to the Congressional Library. Here browsing around among the ancient volumes was Adele Spalletta. She told us she was doing research work for her Ph.D. thesis. We asked her if she had heard from any Gray Court girls and she said that just the week before she had had a letter from Henrietta Herck. Henrietta wrote her that Dorothy is meeting with no little success as a singer and that she herself is acting as business manager. Margaret Parry is deeply interested in Foreign Affairs and Lois MacIntyre is manager of one of the Sound's many lovely Yacht Clubs.

D.P. and I left Adele to her studies and went over to the Capitol. We entered this magnificent structure to become instantly aware of that feeling of awe which steals over one at the entrance to this noblest of all American buildings. Here we spent the rest of the afternoon, enjoying to the fullest as many of its interesting points as possible. Leaving the Capitol grounds we came face to face with Lois Stringfield. We had heard that she was spending that year as Athletic Instructor in one of Washington's schools, but we never expected to see her. She, too, had some items to add to our almost full Gray Court chronicle.



Marjorie Fox and Jacqueline Collins made their debuts last year. Lollie Harris is studying in Switzerland and in her opinion is not too justly treated as Kay is her German instructor! Beatrice and Florence are also in Europe, touring the Continent.

As it was then about seven o'clock, we decided to return to the hotel for dinner. Lois was unable to join us, as she was already late for an appointment. We sat down at our table and were half through dinner, when we heard much spluttering at the door. We turned and saw Marjorie Burrelle, pad and pencil in hand, following closely on the heels of Katherine Mapp. We attracted their attention and asked them to join us. Popetti pulled Kitty's chair out for her and then asked permission to seat herself. Kitty told us she was touring the States in search of material for her first novel and Popetti—well, she, too, was gathering material. They did not have much news for us save that in Boston they had stopped at Grace Woodworth's hotel. Gracie has a very good business and employs Louise Grominger as chief Dietitian, with Elinor Barrett as her secretary. We parted company soon and D. P. and I went out for a glimpse of the Capitol illuminated.

The next day, while walking across one of Washington's boulevards, we were nearly struck by a taxi. We had been gazing about too much and paying little attention to traffic, but our dispositions got the best of us and we made the bewildered driver give us his name and license number. A passerby suggested that we get a lawyer, and, in a hurry as usual, we went across to a building which had been pointed out to us as offices of the best known women lawyers. There, on one door was a sign "Dorothy Malatesta, Attorney-at-Law." We rushed in and luckily Dorothy had a few free moments and could see us. We entered her spacious offices and had a short but interesting visit. Dot told us that she had been up to Gray Court a few weeks previously to attend to some business for Miss Gray and had been very much amused at the Upper School. Betsy Stafford, Diane Pittman and Joanne Rose, the merry Sophomores, are struggling along with their Caesar, and the present Senior Class, Emmy Lou, Barbara Schick and Marie Wilder are asserting themselves and demanding Senior privileges. At the last '35 reunion Dot said that all had been present except Barbara Colton who is in training in Canada for the next Olympics in hopes of keeping the Ski title in the United States. Sovie Tschirn, it seems, is teaching school in Albany.

Our meeting was interrupted by the arrival of Dorothy's next client. We reluctantly took leave of her and went to crowd in all the sightseeing possible.

Finally our delightful stay in Washington was over and we made



our way back to Union Station. We got on the train and found ourselves sitting next to Jane Perkins. She looked very chic and informed us that she was on her way home from a winter in Miami. She had not seen many of the Gray Court girls of late, but had met Virginia Reiner on the boat the last time she went to Europe. Virginia was on her way to take a course at the University of Berlin. She told Jane that Alison Holman and Trientje Hood were getting through their first year at college without much difficulty and that Patsy Leavitt was a great advocate of the camp movement and lived very much of an outdoor life.

The train pulled into Pennsylvania Station and D. P. and I returned to her home. We were dead tired but talked for hours of the things that had happened, mainly, of course, about the meetings with our old friends, and resolved that, at the earliest possible date, we would take a trip to Stamford to impart our information to Miss Gray.

THE LEAP YEAR CLASS

Through every day along our way,
We've leaped our merry pace,
Despite all weather we've stayed together
Along our happy race.

We've leaped o'er lessons, toils, and trouble,
O'er every irksome task,
We've leaped through gym, we've leaped through Latin,
And now in joy we bask.

And through our last examination,
Through all work in a mass,
We've leaped to fame and graduation,
For we're the Leap Year Class.

FAREWELL TO GRAY COURT

Grief will dim our faces
Mid the roofs of town
For the wide sky spaces
Where the stars look down.

We shall often wonder
(Lost in cities tall)
If the waves still thunder
On the gray sea-wall.

If the beech is burning
Copper in the sun—
Hearts will oft be turning
Where our dreams were spun.

We, thy loving daughters,
Now our pathway parts,
By thy gleaming waters
Shrine thee in our hearts.



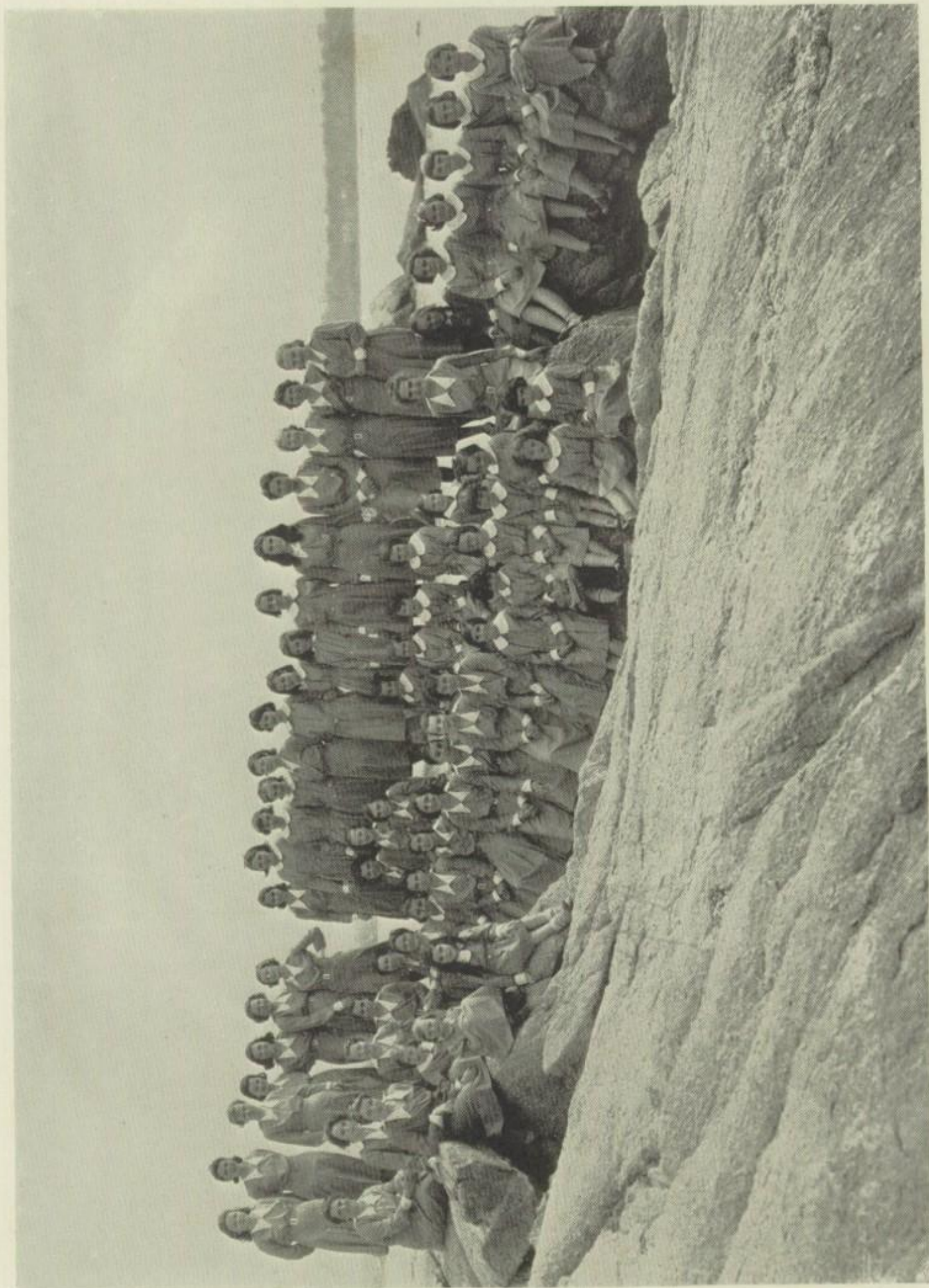
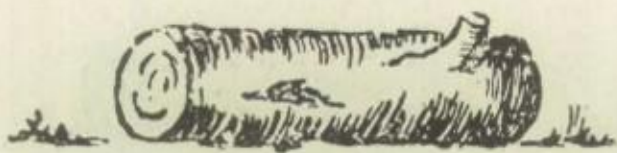
THE BANNER

Once in a low-hung morning sky
The clouds were softly gray,
No line divided sea and sky,
So low the clouds that day.
And then a wisp of sun strayed through
To streak the clouds with gold,
The clouds broke to make room for them,
And back their edges rolled.
The clouds of gray were fraught with gold,
And like a banner bright
They streamed across the morning sky,
Aflame with morning light.
Gray Court looked up and saw,
And tore a cloud away,
A gray-gold cloud she took for hers,
And 'tis her own today.

A SONNET

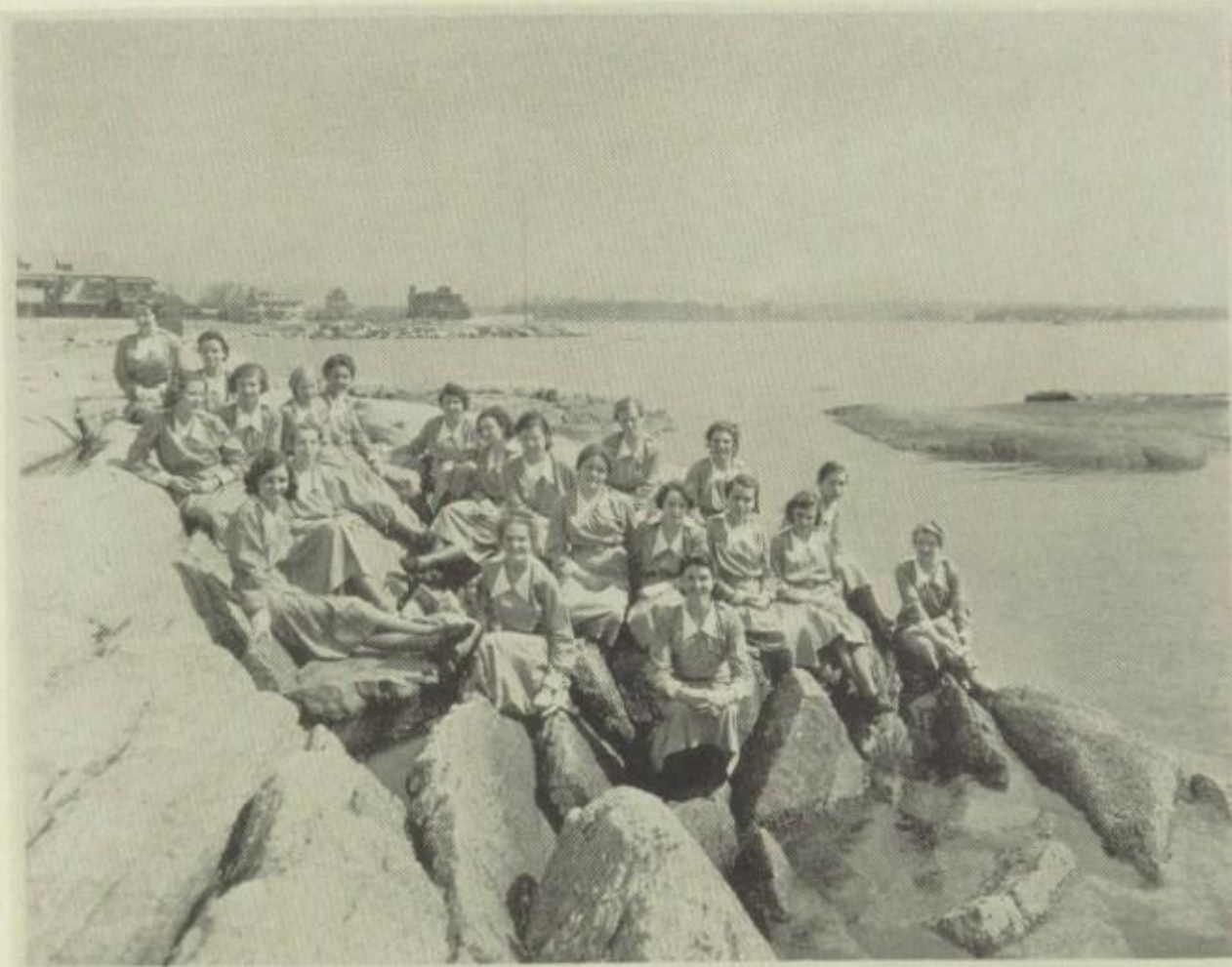
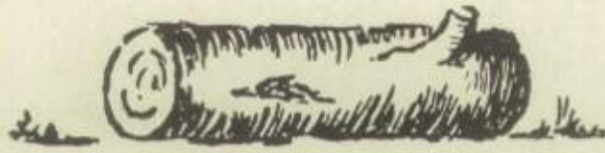
I love to wander through the swaying trees
And marvel at their greatness and their height;
Now, listening to the gently sighing breeze,
Or watching bluebirds on their upward flight.
The quiet pond reflecting Nature's smile
With vivid colors on the shining blue,
Makes all the world around, for many a mile,
Seem bright and cheerful, for both me and you.
The silence and the peace fill me with awe,
And make me realize that if Nature lives
In harmony, why should not man? The law
For this, is that all Nature gladly gives.
Let's take a lesson from the deer and wren,
And begin now to love our fellowmen.

BETTY MEAD.





— UPPER SCHOOL —







GRAY COURT'S ENVIRONMENT

NESTLED amid the proud, spreading trees that shade the smooth lawn, is the stately colonial building, which in bygone days sheltered many famous personages, but which now is used as one of the buildings for Gray Court School. Its tall graceful pillars and spacious veranda overlook the ever-changing Long Island Sound, which, even in its rough angry moods is a sight well worth seeing—and remembering. This rambling structure was built near the end of the point that tapers to slabs of creviced rock, worn smooth by the tide. From this place the silent sentinel, which guards the entrance to the harbor, can be seen to the best advantage, across the long stretch of placid blue water made resplendent by the sun. But, of course, the water is not always calm; at times it is rippled or choppy, and again the surging mass may be topped by myriads of white capped waves, venting their rage in vain against the immovable rocks. More than once, I wager, the proud old house has seen the breakers surge over the crumbling sea wall to fall on the grass and rocks, leaving glistening pools after the tide has receded.

Blankets of snow reign supreme in winter, cooling the ground, the bare trees, and every perceptible object, until the spring comes with its gentle showers, making the air fragrant with the scent of budding trees and flowers and bringing the early birds, chirping their sweet songs. Whether in the cool summer shade, or during autumn, when the leaves change to their brighter hues, and the frosty air has the delightful tang of smoke from a fire in the great fireplace, the Point is ever friendly, alluring and inspiring.

BETTY MEAD.

SENIOR'S AILMENT

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS may be a virtue, but to Ann it was the bane of her existence. For four days she had attempted to write a theme but had torn up all the efforts because they would not come to a conclusion or were so complicated that she herself became all tangled up and quite forgot what she meant to express.

Finally one night, after a vainly spent study hall, she earnestly set to work in the privacy of her room which was really nothing more than the main thoroughfare from one end of the house to the other.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." This was a case of trying four times again! Ann laughed out loud. Her roommate awoke from a temporary nap taken over "Virgil."

"Ever heard of these writers who claim a work just grows under their pens?" she asked. "You ought to try that."



"Well, never say die." Ann made a few scratches on her pad. Thoughts of flowers went through her head; beautiful heroines, disappointed lovers, stormy nights and sinking ships. Just then someone mentioned something about the left-over layer-cake in Helen's room, and there was a rush in that direction.

"Finished your theme?" Elizabeth asked between mouthfuls.

"No. I still can't supply an idea to discuss. What can you suggest?"

"Let me see. Oh! Try a brilliant bit of well, philosophizing on nature. You know"

"Pardon me? You intend to write some day, don't you, Elizabeth?" Ann asked earnestly.

"Uh huh. I just love it."

"I thought so! You'd have to. Well, guess I'll get along back to my my."

"Theme?" suggested Kit.

"It's not exactly a theme yet. I've only two lines written. You know how it is."

Back in her room, Ann lapsed into deep concentration, which inevitably wandered, however. Every time she looked at the clock another ten minutes had passed and her work of art consisted of something to this effect:

"Letitia Elise was tall, blonde and beautiful. One stormy night, during the absence of her parents, she decided to take a dip in the dark foaming waters of the sea that practically rolled up to her very front steps."

The only trouble about this story was that everyone knew right away that poor little Letitia would start to drown, and then the hero would come along and

Ann ejaculated most loudly, "I'm not going to do this thing! I've done all in my power and nothing has happened." No sympathy or encouragement came from any of the rooms.

"I say, I'm just not going to do this," she repeated.

Silence. Ann finally turned and looked at the sleeping girl in the bed beside hers. "Virgil" lay disrespectfully rumpled on the floor. Across the cover was printed "Yale."

From the next room came the annoying sound of snoring. Then Ann remembered to look at her watch. Almost twelve! No wonder.

She pulled a long contraption of string and ribbon that resulted in a light on the other side of the room being turned out.

The poor struggling would-be authoress rolled over and forgot all about it until the next morning.

RUTH COLEMAN.



OH! JOYOUS BIRD

Welcome, thrice welcome, oh! joyous bird,
Singing and working the whole day through,
Your happy notes of love I heard
With its song of joy so true.
Making and building your nest of love
With your mate so strong and fine,
You are sweet and gentle as the cooing dove
With this new and wonderful love of thine.
Oh! Jenny Wren they call thee a bird,
But I think that thou art divine.
I think that God through His wonderful word,
Hath made thee most sublime.
Oh! wonderful joyous, happy bird,
It is a song of Heaven that I have heard.

BARBARA HARDING.

THE SEA

I lie on the warm sunny beach and gaze
At the turbulent ever-changing sea,
And think of its vastness and all the way
It varies as it blends all around me.
At first it is sky blue, now gray, now green
But ever beautiful in all its tones.
Sometimes 'tis ruffled, sometimes calm, serene
As it gently laps against the mossy stones.
When e'er I see the waters, I feel gay
Or troubled, as the sea may chance to be.
And oft I wonder at the clearness of the bay
And ask myself if it were made for me.
Watching the waves roll o'er the windswept deep
I ponder on the secrets that they keep.

LOU MEAD.



TOO MUCH "MAMA"

"WILLIE, have you eaten all of your oatmeal?"

"Yes, Mama."

"Did you drink your glass of milk, dearie?"

"Yes, Mama."

"Are you sure that you did not give it to the cat, honey?"

"No—I mean yes, Mama."

"Well then I have a surprise for my good little boy," said Mrs. Smith coming over to her son. "Now open your mouth and close your eyes."

"Yes, Mama."

Then Mrs. Smith put something in Willie's mouth. "Oh! fish-hooks,—I had hoped it would be a piece of chewing gum or a lollypop and its only a cough drop!" said Willie disappointedly and with a trace of disgust in his voice.

"Why, Willie, you do not chew gum do you? I thought my little boy knew better than that," added his mother reproachfully.

"Excuse me, Mama, I am sorry—I really don't like chewing gum—anyway," said Willie contritely.

A few minutes later Willie said, "Mama, it's time to go to school now."

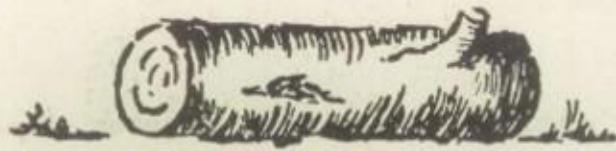
"All right I'll get your coat and hat while you try to wash—be sure to wash your ears. I will help you when I come down," replied Mrs. Smith hurrying up the stairs.

Later when they were walking to school—(Mrs. Smith always walked to and from school with Willie even though he was nine and old enough to walk the five blocks by himself)—she said "You haven't forgotten your handkerchief or the flowers for teacher or your rubbers have you, dearie?"

"I didn't bring my rubbers, Mama, because it's such a nice day."

"Why Willie! The ground is always wet and I can't have my dear little lambkin catching cold. When I bring your lunch I'll warm your milk and bring your rubbers so you will not catch cold. Now remember, don't go out for recess until I bring your little brown rubbers and don't sit in a draught or by an open window and don't forget Mama will come to get you," said Willie's mother.

A half hour after recess Willie was walking serenely toward home whistling and looking up at the bright blue sky. His hat was off, his coat open and he seemed to have forgotten his rubbers completely.



When he neared home he became sober and troubled yet he bravely opened the front door.

His mother was dusting when she saw him come in and she became so frightened and excited that she broke her best vase trying to hurry to Willie.

"Whatever is the matter, Willie—I know you're sick, you look so pale, you poor boy having to walk all the way home alone—you weren't run over by an automobile were you?" she asked frantically.

"Mama I—I—I," said the embarrassed Willie trying to get in a word.

"Never mind, Willie," said his mother. "I'll carry you upstairs, put you to bed and give you some castor oil, I just know you're sick, my poor dear lamb, but never mind, Mother will take care of you."

"But I'm not"—began Willie as his mother after getting the castor oil began to carry him upstairs.

"Never mind, don't try to talk, just let me put you right to bed."

So Willie was undressed, tucked in bed and given the castor oil amid his protests. Sitting down on his bed and stroking his hair she said, "Now dearie, if you can, try to tell Mama all about it."

"Well, Mama, I was trying to tell you," said Willie, "that I am not sick. I—I—I—I— was sent home from school because I threw a spit-ball at Sissy Flick."

BETTY MEAD.

SONNET

A skiff is floating on the breast
Of Lake Leman. The Alps around
Reflecting glory upon silent rest,
The summit of Mount Blanc be-crowned
By Heaven's adoring robe of white.
A sparkling symbol demanding awe,
A dim reflection seen by night
As stars shine down by Nature's law.
To those who pause to this admire,
A deep religion sets in heart,
Quelling earthly want, desire,
One feels one's self of this, a part,
For God has given by his command,
A touch of Heaven in this land.

RUTH COLEMAN.



A FOE TO BE ADMIRER

AN interesting and instructive picture of the British conception of George Washington is presented by G. K. Chesterton in his article entitled, "A Foe to be Admired." Mr. Chesterton claims that the English regard Washington hardly less as a hero than we do, that they are far from ignorant concerning his life and deeds, and that the fact that he was a traitor in their eyes does not interfere with their respect for the man himself. Although their ancestors fought against his cause, they appreciate the valor with which he defended what he himself thought was right. The average Englishman regards the so-called "American Rebellion" merely as a misunderstanding between two thoroughly sincere nations. The author says, "While Washington was not exactly the English type of hero, he was at least the type of hero that England could understand."

In the article Mr. Chesterton compares the "father of his country" to the Gandhi of modern times—not in purpose or character, but in the fact that the way in which the English used to regard Washington is the way they regard Gandhi at the present time. Gandhi is a complete alien in thought—they shut their minds to him. It is a peculiarity of the English people that they do not so much hate those who fight against them as those who think against them. This is why they can acknowledge Washington as a hero, they respect him as a gentleman and a soldier. It is because of this also that they can not bring themselves to accept the very name of Thomas Jefferson, for while Washington was waging a war, it was Jefferson who held the country in his hands, for he was the deep thinker—he had voiced the nation's appeal for liberty, and it was to him that Washington looked for advice.

This is the way in which Chesterton sums up the British attitude towards our greatest national hero. His article is rather surprising, as one naturally expects the English to regard Washington with indifference, if not antagonism.

ADELE SPALLETTA.

LONGFELLOW, THE POET OF THE COMMONPLACE

IN eighteen sixty-eight Henry Wadsworth Longfellow went to England. He was a tall man who had long, white, silky hair and a beard of shining whiteness enclosing a countenance with fine features and deep sunken eyes, overshadowed with massive eyebrows.

As the celebrated guest of the English people he was honored in every way. Beloved as he was, there were few solitary moments be-



tween the engagements and invitations with which he was showered. A few interesting incidents stand out in his busy days. Mr. Longfellow spent a Sunday with his very dear friend, Charles Dickens. All the English writers of the day were proud to meet and talk to him.

The final thrill of happiness came to Mr. Longfellow when he learned that the Queen would be sorry to have him pass through England without her meeting him. All England loved him and had welcomed his presence sincerely. Mr. Longfellow was grateful for this, now feeling that this was not only a personal triumph but that he was an ambassador of American feelings and intellectual sympathies.

The day of the reception was bright and warm. One can sense the feelings of this fine gentleman, anticipating the honor to be shown him. He went with Lady Stanley to Windsor Castle. After a brief wait in the hall a door opened and Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India appeared before him. The Queen was short and stout but lovely in her royal gown. They shook hands and had an interesting chat.

Longfellow often afterward remembered it and spoke of the charming Queen who had made the tribute of England to him perfect.

DOROTHY HERCK.

ISLANDS OF PARADISE

ENTERING the port of Honolulu on the island of Oahu is like opening the door to Paradise. Greetings of songs and flowers welcome one to this warm and sunny tropical island.

The dock is long, low, and gray, and in itself would be drab, but for the myriad of colors that the picturesque natives cause with their gayly colored clothes and the ropes of beautiful tropical flowers that they are wearing and with which they deck the visitor as he lands.

Some of the beautiful women are dressed in grass skirts and have ukuleles, on which they play their Aloha-oe a welcome and a goodbye.

On the dock are brown skinned native boys who dive for pennies that the passengers on the boat throw to them and come up shining and victorious every time.

Leaving the dock, one rides through a thriving Metropolis and along palm shaded drives and probably stops at the Moana Hotel, one of the largest and most famous hotels on the island.

The approach to this beautiful, long, white building is by a circular palm shaded driveway, along which glimpses of the sea and Diamond Head are caught between the trees.

Diamond Head is one of the most famous and beautiful sights of



the Islands; a long point of mountain which sprawls into the sea and reaches to the stars at its tip. The beach is dazzlingly bright and the water always seems to dance with laughter in the comparatively quiet bay formed by Diamond Head.

Brown skinned, laughing natives are always riding their surf-boards with a skill and balance that is miraculous in the inlet.

Leaving this beautiful and wealthy island for one not so civilized is a thrilling adventure though you keenly feel the parting from this gay but restful Island of Oahu, but the dangerous and rough crossing to one of the smaller and unfrequented islands is worth its disadvantages for the reward.

To approach Molokai by the light of a full, low, summer moon, is like viewing a mirage. The island in the darkness has the appearance of controlled and smothered power.

Landing is very difficult as the water is shallow. A long dock prods its nose into the water over which a very precarious ride is taken on a rail-car with a gasoline motor to the shore.

In the daylight the island is far more beautiful in its unrestrained freedom than civilized Honolulu with her white ribbon of roads.

The island roads are rough dirt on which wild animals calmly walk in the evening—the dappled deer, wild mountain goats, equally wild burros, and mountain pumas.

Hunting is plentiful and the favorite fishing sport of the natives is to dive for octopus and kill them by biting them below their ink sack with their teeth.

The main industry on the island is pineapple growing, but the natives live on next to nothing; they need nothing but the sun and moon and sparkling water and healthy bodies—and they need only the music of the wind and waves and their native instruments and songs to be happy.

It is with a faint heart and tear-filled eyes that one leaves these beautiful, happy children on their Island Paradise—the strains of Aloha drifting from the vanishing island, as one sails over the silvery sea.

MARJORIE HELEN BURRELLE.





THE RADIO

THERE was no radio broadcasting until a few years ago. The radio is a marvelous invention. When the first radio was invented no one knew whether it was an invention to keep people home or not. Everyone was installing sets. The first broadcasters induced manufacturers and merchants to sponsor programs to pay the expense of the broadcast. To understand the broadcasting problem we must recognize the radio as an infant prodigy grown to a great size. The system of broadcasting is too young to have developed laws. The radio commission is comprised of five members appointed on the principle of local and political representation. Many stations include on their programs educational and newspaper broadcasts. The broadcasters divide the time devoted to religion among the different denominations. The radio provides as much entertainment as the movies. The British entertainment is superior to ours. Their programs are much better as less advertising is done and more chamber music and plays. There is doubt whether we Americans would prefer the British system.

HENRIETTA HERCK.

BALLADS

A BALLAD is a narrative poem, and is written in the simplest and most natural words possible. It is a song that tells a story, or, it is a story told in song. A real old ballad is short, divided into four line stanzas, with the second and fourth lines rhyming.

One of the best known English poems is *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was published in 1798. The poem is written in the old ballad form. It is a poem filled with supernatural elements, but under the skilful way Coleridge treats them, they seem natural. The poem has very little description, and is written very plainly. I enjoyed the rapid movement, the startling pictures of the sea, ice, snow, storm and superstition as expressed in such lines as:

“The ice was here, the ice was there
The ice was all around.”

The poet creates very vivid pictures. He secures his effect by sounds:

“It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound.”

Also the poet succeeded in creating atmosphere of utter loneliness in the lines:



“Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.”

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner is a very vivid ballad dealing with astrological elements and making supernatural events seem real. The Mariner tells a very gripping story of his experiences on the sea and with his mysterious power almost hypnotizes the wedding guest. Briefly his story is that he has committed a sin by killing the Albatross. He is punished severely by having to see all the men on deck fall dead. Many ghoulish things happen to him until finally he sees good in even the slick, slimy, crawling animals of the sea. Then all wrongs are righted and the poet expresses the moral attached in these lines, which are the theme of the story.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.”

The Highwayman, another, but more modern ballad, written by Alfred Noyes gives us the spirit of the early English ballads. His verses flow smoothly, and he tells the story simply and well. It has not the measurement of a real ballad, the stanzas and lines are longer. Noyes creates very vivid pictures expressed in such lines as:

“He’d a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to his thigh.”

The climax is very definitely expressed in the lines:

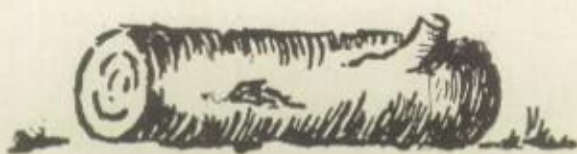
“Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight, and warned him with her
death.”

And the anti-climax in these lines:

“Blood-red were his spurs i’ the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet
coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his
throat.”

Other ballads are The Shanty Boy, The Prisoner of Chillon, The Horse Thief. I did not care very much for The Horse Thief; it deals with too large a theme for such a short poem. The outrageous imagination is not justified but even with those faults I found it rather amusing.

AASTA PEDERSEN.



TWINS

MARGOT came slowly down the uncarpeted stairs, feeling her way by the help of the banister. Her gaze rested upon a large cradle that stood in the room below, swaying gently back and forth in the summer breeze that blew in through the screen door leading to the porch. She walked across the room and bent over the cradle, smiling at her six months' old babies. Two sleeping forms greeted her eyes, each tiny hand grasping the edge of the thin coverlet, barely extending over their fat, rosy, little feet. She smiled. How glad George would be when he returned and saw the little ones for the first time. She tiptoed to her arm chair, and sat with her eyes on the babies, as the sun gradually neared the horizon and gave way to twilight. Finally, she herself grew weary and her eyelids closed. Suddenly, while still asleep, her body stiffened. Fate had cruelly stepped into the lives of this happy family.

The screen door was thrown open by a strong, bronzed-skinned, handsome man, a smile upon his lips, but an expression of perplexity in his eyes. Where was Margot? A soft cry broke the intense stillness of the room, and he was quick to light the lamp on the crude wooden table by the door. The soft glow revealed his wife's cold form, stiffly upright in her chair.

"Margot! Margot! Are you asleep? Wake up, darling! It's I, George! Why, what's the matter? Oh! my darling one . . . she's . . . dead! . . . He bent over her chair, sobbing, trying to choke back the tears that had come to his eyes, trying to make her speak to him again, to open her eyes just once more . . . but all in vain . . . he knew it was useless. Finally he turned away, and once again the small cry echoed through the room, startling him to his senses. He peered at the cradle, and at the tiny babies lying there. He was overcome with emotion . . . grief for his wife's sudden death, and overwhelming joy at perceiving his own babies. What was he to do? There was only one thing . . . to call his sister, Anne, she had always helped him out of difficulties when he had been little . . . surely she would now.

He drew on his coat and stepped out into the cool night, walking rapidly toward the telegraph office.

After years of hard struggles, during which they kept their spirit of happiness, the small family parted—each going out into the world to make a living, hoping some day to re-unite, all having become successful. Margot and Georgette wended their way through many hardships, trying many different trades, and both finally ended on the stage, each in the hope of making herself famous.



"The curtain is rising, Miss Bell; the cast is waiting for you."

"Thank you, Marie, but I am in no hurry. Let them wait! The young actress tossed her head and held it for a moment high in the air. Then with her usual poise, she stalked from her dressing room, keeping in time with the music that was now audible to those on back stage.

When the performance was finally ended, and the clapping had died away, Georgette Bell, the famous Broadway star, returned to her dressing room, making her way between the many baskets of flowers sent by her admirers.

"I don't think I'll be able to go through with it again this evening . . . my head is growing worse by the minute. I could scarcely drag myself through the last scene this afternoon."

"You had better lie down and rest now, Miss Bell,—I will call your physician. You know he has ordered a complete rest—you should take his advice. You are due for a nervous break-down,—and then,—imagine your audiences' distress and concern! They live only to see your acting."

"I hope so, Marie, but I simply cannot go away—I must continue my career without pausing for a moment."

That evening her condition grew worse. The doctor solemnly announced that she would be unable to appear on the stage; her manager was wild. What would he do? Who could take her place? Ah! . . . there was her twin sister! That was it! But would she and could she do it? She and Georgette were on no good terms since Georgette had received the leading role, and she had remained in the chorus. But what were personal feelings when a whole audience waited expectantly in the packed theatre? He must see her immediately. Just then the door opened and Margot entered, an expression of grave concern on her face. She bent over her sister.

"How are you, dear, is there anything I can do to help?"

The booming voice of the manager came from behind her. "Yes there is—you can double Miss Bell tonight. She will be unable to perform."

"But . . . do you really think me capable of doing her part? I . . . I . . . know the lines . . . and I'd love to do it . . . but . . . er . . ."

"No buts, young lady. Get into that costume as quickly as possible and let me hear you go over that manuscript as soon as you're ready." He closed the door and proceeded to pace up and down in the hall outside until Margot appeared, a few seconds later.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Now . . . let's go!"

That night, after the performance, Margot did not go back on the



stage to make her bow, nor did she hear the thunderous applause which echoed through the theatre behind her. She immediately went to her sister's dressing room, concerned only in Georgette's health.

"She must go away for a rest—it is the only thing she can do to save herself," the doctor predicted.

So away she went . . . with Margot taking her role in her absence.

Several months later Margot went to visit her sister in the country. One evening, while they were sitting in the swing on the veranda, Georgette said, "I have been thinking a lot these last few months, and I have come to the conclusion that all the credit I have ever received was meant for you, Margot. I am not going to return to the stage—you are to keep my role, dear—I wish you all the success in the world."

"But . . . are you sure you want me to? I don't deserve it, George—I only did it to save your health—you should take it back and continue your brilliant career."

"You know, I sometimes think you are exactly as our mother was, Marge, just perfect."

"Oh, thanks, darling, how I wish I were as we have always imagined her to be. She is our ideal and I am sure she still lives in spirit and watches over us, and guards us from danger."

"I think so too, Marge. Daddy always said that she was that way, always so considerate of others, and so unselfish. Anyway, I'm wishing you the best luck in the world . . . I knew the right one of us would finally carry off the laurels, but how silly I once was, to think that it might have been I!"

The soft summer breeze blew across the porch as finally the sun set, leaving these two sisters both happy in her own way, and both with one thought in their minds—love for one another.

LYNN LOGAN.

SUSAN'S VACATION DAY

THE heat was intense in the factory but Susan worked on and on painting small wooden dolls. Her hand was painting but her mind was working busily trying to find a way to spend her vacation. True, it lasted but one day, but what of that if Susan could make a success of it. She was a poor little peasant girl and her parents were both dead. She lived alone in a small hut and supported herself on her meager salary.

As Susan worked in the factory, the close, stuffy, old, toy factory painting dolls she never thought about the dirtiness or stuffiness of the



factory. She kept her mind from thoughts of this sort to picture the happiness she was helping to give children who received the painted wooden toys.

Now, she put even these thoughts out of her head and her plans were only for her one day's vacation and how she was to make it a success.

When the vacation finally did arrive Susan had made up her mind to go to a town about ten miles distant to see a passing circus. On this morning she started out at five o'clock before it was light. She carried her precious money in a bag pinned to her dress.

As she walked along, watching the sun rise, she sang a song of spring. It was a fine day in the middle of May. Flowers had sprung up and were blooming along the roadside, nodding merrily in the breeze, nodding a welcome to Susan, as she tripped gaily along, singing.

Susan's hopes ran high. She was going to town. She had been there only twice before. Of course, she had to go on foot but what of that, if she could finally see the circus?

When Susan had walked about half way she passed a small hut. From within came sounds of anguish. Susan heard low moans. She stopped and turned toward the hut, but suddenly she realized if she stopped she could not see the circus. So she walked on telling herself that someone else would come along to help the person in the hut even though she knew that no one would come along again perhaps for hours. As she trudged on she could still hear the low moan in her ears. She could not get away from it. A small voice within her said "You must go back. You must go back." A louder voice seemed to shout, "This is your day, go on to the circus, go on." But the small voice conquered and Susan turned back. She knew a helpless old woman lived in the hut all alone. Susan suddenly felt ashamed and her guilty conscience made her walk faster. She was ashamed that she listened for a minute to that selfish voice urging her on.

On reaching the hut she rapped and on receiving no answer she slipped quietly in. On the floor was the motionless figure of the old woman. Susan thought for a moment with a pang of fear that she was dead, but she soon knew that the old woman was in a faint. She carried her to a bed in her strong young arms and revived her. Miss Cass, for that was her name, gasped out the cause of the trouble. She had stumbled over a small stool and fallen heavily to the floor; in falling her arm was twisted and she had broken it. Susan was very kind and cared for her arm as best she could. Susan knew now that she could not go to town because it was too late and Miss Cass could not be left



alone. However, she was very cheerful and did not let the old woman suspect for a moment that she was terribly disappointed.

Susan watched anxiously for someone to send for a doctor. When finally a boy came along she gave him most of her precious savings to go and fetch a doctor.

Until the doctor came she entertained Miss Cass as she would a child. She read to her and sang in her sweet, soft voice.

When the doctor arrived he brought a nurse and so Susan was allowed to go home. Miss Cass was very grateful to Susan and did not want her to leave but Susan knew she must be back at the factory at eight the next morning. She must go back to paint dolls for another year until she again had a day vacation. As she walked home she wondered why she was not sorry for herself for having missed a vacation. Susan was suddenly and strangely joyful. She sang and her voice echoed through the moonlit woods.

When she finally reached home it was very late and Susan went right to bed. Before going to sleep she thought over her adventure. She was strangely happy. Perhaps more satisfied with her vacation day than if she had gone to the circus.

As she thought, the sound of night creatures in the woods and marsh grew fainter to her ears. Susan smiled to herself in the darkness and she drifted happily to sleep. Her vacation day was a success.

MARGARET PARRY.

DANGERS OF THE LORELEI

BILL, Tom, and Harry with a large pile of luggage scrambled off the 5:10 train at Greenport, Long Island, on a hot summer afternoon. They had the happy expectation of sailing down to Oyster Bay on their newly bought second-hand sloop, the "Lorelei."

"Won't we have fun," cried Harry, the tallest and most athletic of the three.

"No fun doing what I'm doing now," panted Bill who was fat and was having a hard time with his load of blankets, suitcases and some bits of yachting equipment.

"Say, Tom, you haven't so much to carry, so stop and get some ice. We'll need it to keep this steak fresh." Harry smacked his lips as he said this.

"My new white flannels will look nice after they are all soaked with ice-water," muttered Tom, as he strode off to get the ice.

"We can sail all night," said Bill. "I can hardly wait to get aboard."



They had reached the shipyard by the time Tom caught up with them.

"Where is the boat?" he called anxiously as he looked at Bill's and Harry's troubled faces.

"There she is at the end of the wharf," answered Bill mournfully, pointing to the trunk cabin and mast of the nearly submerged "Lorelei."

"She's rather low in the water, isn't she?" asked Tom, wonderingly.

"If the tide was much higher you wouldn't see her at all," snapped Harry.

"The only thing to do is to haul her out again," said Tom. "It will take ages for her seams to swell up. She has been out of water for so long."

"I know," said Bill, jumping up from the barrel where he had been sitting, "once I heard a fellow say that laundry soap was good for caulking seams. Mr. Sanders, the ship-builder, has some."

The boat was hauled up and after two hours of hard work with the soap, the vessel was again launched. The supplies were stowed aboard and the trio set out.

About twelve o'clock at night a strong easterly wind and sea came up. The sail was reefed and Tom was set to work vigorously manning the pump.

"More water is coming in than before," called Harry from the tiller.

"I think that laundry soap is melting out," panted Tom between breaths.

"Even if we had brought a row boat, it wouldn't do us any good in this sea," said Bill looking fearfully at the waves foaming about them.

They took turns working feverishly at the pump. Every moment they expected to be swamped. Bill tried making coffee but the stove was covered with a salt spray so it could not be started.

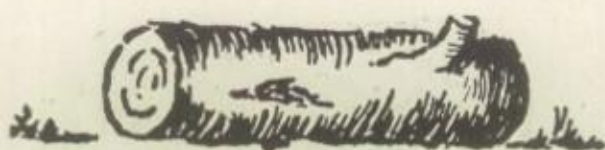
Suddenly Harry sprang from his seat shouting, "There is Oyster Bay Lighthouse."

Never was a shout more joyfully received. Tom dropped the pump into the ever-deepening flood of water and hurried on deck. He was followed by Bill.

Early in the morning three soaked, sleepy-looking boys tramped slowly into Oyster Bay Yacht Club.

They had won out with the elements.

LOIS MCINTYRE.



STATE PAPERS

IT was extremely foggy at the pier in Calais. This was my first trip on water alone and I wasn't any too happy about it. The ship seemed enormous to me without any friends aboard. The whistles and the fog-horns all sounded so gruesome.

Just as the ship gave its last whistle and started on its way, I happened to be leaning over the railing waving my handkerchief to some friends who had come to see me off, when a rather interesting-looking woman came up to me and said, "I beg your pardon, but you are Marion Little, are you not?" I nodded dumfoundedly. "My name is Fraulein von Muller. Your father cabled me that you were going to join him at Naples; you see, your father and I have known each other a long time and so he asked me to be a companion to you during this voyage, as I am going to the same place."

"That will be very nice," said I rather coldly.

The fog was so dense we couldn't see the shore now. "Well, my dear, I must be going to my stateroom to get ready for dinner. By the way, I had your place put beside mine at the table," she said as she abruptly departed. There was something about her I did not like, but after all, she seemed to be a perfectly harmless woman.

On this voyage I was acting as messenger to my father, who was a diplomat and I was carrying state papers to him which contained important matters. When I met Fraulein von Muller at the dinner table her conversation led up to the question of war between Germany and the nations.

When I went to my stateroom that night I thought it very strange that she asked so many questions. Then it occurred to me that she might be a German spy and was trying to get the papers from me.

On the second day of the voyage I came back to my stateroom after a game of shuffle-board on deck to find things had been slightly disturbed. I immediately became suspicious and quickly looked for the papers which, I am glad to say, were not taken. So to be on the safe side I pinned the papers to the inside of my blouse. I made a duplicate envelope and put several blank papers in it, and put it in my bag in my stateroom, to see if my suspicions were correct.

On the day of arriving, coming back to my stateroom from breakfast at which Fraulein von Muller was absent, I saw her hastily walking from my stateroom and wondered if she had been searching for the papers, and sure enough, the duplicates were gone.

When I reached my father and told him how I had fooled a German spy we had a good laugh together.

BARBARA COLTON.



VIEW FROM THE SCHOOL



SCHOOL BUILDING



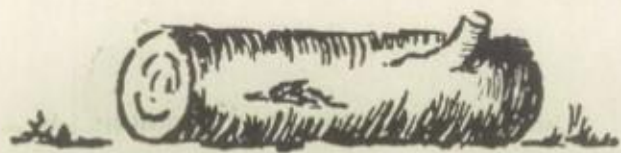
STATISTICS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Alias</i>	<i>Occupation</i>	<i>Ambition</i>
Dorothy Pickens	"D. P."	Spoofing	To own a car
Marjorie Eberhardt	"Margie"	Eating	To teach Math.
Ruth Coleman	"Ruthie"	Dancing	To be a designer
Frances Reaves	"South"	Reading poetry	Literary career
Grace Woodworth	"Gracie"	Taking baths	To graduate
Elizabeth Mead	"Bet"	Being congenial	Agricultural education
Louise Mead	"Lou"	Laughing last	To be a farmer's wife
Barbara Harding	"Bob"	Giggling	To grow
Frances Slater	"Nonie"	Commuting by bus	Very little
Katherine Mapp	"Kitty"	Bringing up Popetti	To co-star with Ted Shawn
Dorothy Herek	"Dot"	Wearing smart clothes	To sing like Schumann-Heinek
Henrietta Herek	"Henry"	Grinning	To lead the sopranos
Adele Spalletta	"Spaghetti"	Studying	To get there yet
Marjorie Burrelle	"Popetti"	Reading "Punch"	To run a Tearoom
Margaret Dodge	"Maggie"	Beautifying herself	To have an apartment
Carolyn Logan	"Lynn"	Playing bridge	To be an actress
Aasta Pedersen	"Peanuts"	Setting waves	To be a \$150.00 a week stenographer
Helen Rinke	"Helen"	Walking home	To instruct her class in algebra
Barbara Colton	"Bobbie"	Changing hair styles	To be a stylist
Kathleen Harris	"Kay"	Drawing	To live in Germany
Lois McIntyre	"Loie"	Cleaning out her locker	Tennis laurels
Dorothy Malatesta	"Dottie"	Taking "hero" parts	Honor Roll
Margaret Parry	"Mag"	Going to "movies"	To camp in the Alps
Sophie Tschirn	"Soph"	Washing clothes	To speak German



STATISTICS

<i>Haunt</i>	<i>Ailment</i>	<i>Hobby</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>
Everywhere	Virgil	Reducing	Gee Marge!
Where she can't be found	College Boards	Comic drawing	Ye - - - s Miss Porter
Old Ironsides	Book reports	Order	So????
Living room radio	Complicated words	Singing	Ah! Tudor!
Her bed	Her blush	Never missing anything	Cut the comedy!
A rocking chair	A twin sister	Talking fast	Oh! c'm Lou!
Any nice easy chair	Spanish	Zane Grey	Don't be so dumb!
Where most of us will not fit	Height	Good jokes	Yes—I mean no.
Big couch	Hair	Dieting	Yes—any day!
Open spaces	Long legs	Athletic dancing	Oh! Shoot.
The rocks	High C	Driving	Really!
Most anywhere	Angelic expression	Dancing	Huh!
Sitting room	Quietness	Magazines	Uh huh!
Gray House library	Kitty	Procuring red hair	Oh! But I mean - - -
Library	Waist line	Clothes	No fair!
Dining room piano	Voice	Practicing	Say—listen you - -
The typewriter	Accent	Receiving letters	Funny—aren't you?
Her locker	Red cheeks	Tiny chairs	Oh! Sure!
Living room mirror	Legs	Neatness	S - - - ay!
Annex	Her braids	Smart remarks	Don't make me laugh!
Anywhere at all	Size	Sailing	Oh! Gee!
Class room	Red hair	Music	Oh! Yeah!!
Couch by the piano	Shoulder bob	Appearance	Is that so??
Sitting room	Algebra	Eating pancakes	I-s-s-s- it?





LOWER SCHOOL







A FALSE ALARM

“EXAMS tomorrow, oh! dear,” sighed Pat King, a tall, slim, blonde-haired girl. She was boarding at Miss Fiddlestick’s boarding school. “Say, that’s at least the fifteenth time you’ve told us, don’t you suppose we know it?” snapped Peggy, the dark-haired girl.

“I know, Peggy, but I’m not sure of my Algebra.”

“Aw, forget it,” said Joan. “I’ll have it too. Gee, but it’s dull around here tonight. Can’t somebody suggest something?” she groaned.

“I know what,” answered Peggy. “Let’s have a midnight feast.”

“Yeah, but where’s the eats?” interrupted Pat.

“Well, if you will stop interrupting, I’ll tell you. Mother sent me a sponge cake with fudge icing, a bottle of olives, a box of saltines, a box of cheese, some grapejuice, and a box of candy and”

“Say no more, lady, I’ll run down the hall with the signal.”

Off ran Joan yelling “Gasoline.” That meant a midnight feast in Peggy’s room. Only six girls knew about the signal. In less than ten seconds, three heads stuck out of a door asking which room.

“Peggy’s, where did you suppose?”

In Miss Fiddlestick’s living room, the clock struck twelve. Three girls were soon running down the hall into a room.

“Well, you finally arrived, did you?” asked Peggy, sarcastically.

“Aw, quit the comedy, where’s the eats?” asked Hope. Every place where Hope went she always wanted “eats.”

“You’ll get ’em in a minute, but you’ll have to wait till they are ready,” answered Pat.

“Say, have any of you kids studied for Algebra exam?” piped up Ruth. “I’ve studied ’til my head feels like a whirlpool.”

“Yeah, but studying never did agree with me, I guess you know that,” and Helen heaved a great sigh.

“Helen, for goodness sake don’t sigh like that, you nearly blew me over,” shrieked one in a suppressed tone.

“Food’s ready,” boomed a great voice. Everybody ran and got her share. All went well until

“Sh-h-h, do my ears deceive me or do I hear Fiddle’s footsteps,” broke in a voice. The lights were turned out, the food gathered and everybody jumped in or under a bed. The door opened and in walked a figure muttering out loud. It was none other than Nancy Brown walking again in her sleep.

LUCILLE SHINE.



SPRING

I STOOD on the top of a high hill. Above the sky was the blue of the bluest sapphire. Big, fluffy clouds floated lazily on their endless way. Below, the valley lay in a haze of budding trees. A river rushed through the valley overflowing with the spring rains. Around me the hills stretched away into a purple haze that merged with the gray skyline. Spring was in the breeze that blew from the South.

I sat down on a rock and drank in the beauty of the scene.

Solitude reigned

I stood on the roof of a tall skyscraper. Above me the gray sky was murky with smoke. Chimneys and buildings formed the sky line. Below, the traffic roared through the muddy streets. People hurried along through the gloom intent on their own affairs. I watched the sad and forlorn expressions on the faces of those people that came to the windows of the buildings opposite.

Afterwards, I sat in melancholy contemplation over the scenes of beauty and of sadness.

FRANCES BELCHER.

THE NOISE IN THE CASTLE

I WAS walking on a winding pathway leading to a castle. No one had lived there for a long time, and I thought I would like to see how it looked inside. I entered and looked down the long hallway. I took one step, and then another, and so on until I was quite well down it. Then I saw a door leading into a huge room, and beyond this were still others. I wondered why anyone would want these huge rooms. Then I walked way up into a tower and looked off at the sea and saw ships sailing by. There were large rooms upstairs also. Then I heard a noise but I did not think much about it.

When I entered another room I heard the noise again, and then my heart went thump. So I ran down the stairs quickly, half stumbling, and through the large rooms and down the hallway. Then I heard footsteps coming toward me; I was so frightened I did not dare look around. Just as I was going out the door, a hand clutched me. I jumped and my heart went thump again, and I turned around cautiously, and suddenly I woke up and found my father standing beside me, to tell me to get up and go to school.

FAITH MEAD.



FAIRYLAND

Would you like to go,
Down where the daisies grow,
Near the meadow brook,
That is my favorite nook.

Down there you will see,
The fairies and elves so wee,
Dancing on the grassy green,
But they are hard to be seen.

OLGA HAMILTON.

ACROSS THE BORDER

CAROL and Edith King were traveling with their governess from Switzerland to France. When they came to the border at Basle an official came in to look at their passports. Suddenly he said, "Take your baggage and get off." When they asked him why, he just took the passports and went away. After about five minutes he came back. He tried to make the governess stay on the train and put the girls off, but finally they all got off together. The Swiss man had to take the baggage off, because the governess said, "You put us off so you have to take the baggage off." When they found a man from Thomas Cook he told them that the same man had just put four old ladies off. They wired to their parents who were to meet them in Paris that night. They forgot to say at what station they were to arrive. Then they had to go to the American Consul to see what was wrong with the passport.

The Consul corrected the passport and Edith and Carol got on the next train. Their parents rushed all around Paris looking for the girls because they had not received the telegram. Mr. and Mrs. King left word at one station to telephone to the next if the girls came in, but they had gone to a different station by that time. Finally they called up the second station and got the message. They found the girls about half past eleven.

BEATRICE NIMICK.



LITTLE FOAMY CHOPS

FOAMY Chops was a little wild pig who had come into Lizette's yard to find his supper. His nose hurt where the bear had scratched him. Lizette put him in a box and brought a saucer of milk which Foamy Chops was too frightened to drink. Soon Lizette's own nurse came with a feeding bottle as he was so hungry, but he kicked and squealed, so she wrapped him up in a cloth. He drank the milk and went to sleep.

One day Lizette was going swimming. There was a sand bar down the stream and she swam to it. When she got ready to swim back she went near the sand pit and on her clothes was a snake. She gave a whistle and Foamy Chops came and after a sting on the cheek, killed the snake. Lizette expected to see him fall and die but remembered that her father had told her that hogs are immune from snake bites.

BARBARA RODRIGUES.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER'S COLT

ONE morning George Washington was playing with his friends and they bet he could not ride his mother's colt. You see

George Washington's mother had a favorite colt that had not yet been broken. George bet he could ride it, so got on. The poor colt was so frightened he jumped around but could not throw George off. Finally the colt jumped into the air and landed again but he was dead. He had broken a blood vessel. The boys who had bet he could not ride were afraid and said to Washington, "Don't tell your mother that you killed him." But Washington went right up to the house and knocked on his mother's door. He looked up into her face and said, "I killed your colt." She asked how and after he had made full explanation she did not scold him.

JANE HUSZAGH.



ELI WHITNEY

WHEN Eli Whitney was about nine years old he lived on a farm near a river in Massachusetts. He did not go to school very much when he was a child. His father wanted him to be a farmer like himself. Eli was a very inquisitive boy. One day when his father was at church Eli took his father's watch just to see how it was put together and when his father came home he found his watch where he had left it and it was ticking away just as though it had not been touched. Eli had put the wheels back in the same place and had hung it where he had found it.

One day Eli went to his father's workshop and was playing with his father's things. He said to himself, "I think I will make some nails, for nails are very scarce now." When he was older he told his father that he was going to college. His father was surprised. For three years Eli studied law. After that he went to Yale college. During his vacation he received a letter from a teacher of a school asking for a man who wanted to be a school teacher. The school was in the South. Eli took the place and the next week he started for the South. The journey was very tiresome in those days. When Eli reached the school he was disappointed as it was not what it said it was in the letter. After awhile Eli met a lady whose name was Mrs. Greene. She asked Eli Whitney to come to her house. One day one of her men told her if they had a cotton machine they could get more cotton a day. Then Eli said, "I will make a machine for you," and the next week he started. He made a machine which they called the cotton gin. He had it patented. Eli Whitney died at the age of sixty years.

TRIENTJE HOOD.

DANIEL BOONE

DANIEL Boone was born in Pennsylvania. In front of his home was the Delaware River. His home was in the forest which he loved. When Daniel was ten he was a famous hunter. When Daniel was fourteen he moved to the Yadkin River. One day he asked the consent of a neighbor's daughter to marry him. Soon Daniel built a house to bring his wife to. At one end of the house was a fireplace made of stone and clay. Some blocks of wood were chairs and a bigger block of wood was for the table. For the door a bear skin was hung to



keep the wind out. Daniel Boone was a restless man. A little later a hunter came and told the men what a beautiful country was behind the mountain. Very soon Daniel and six other men were on their way.

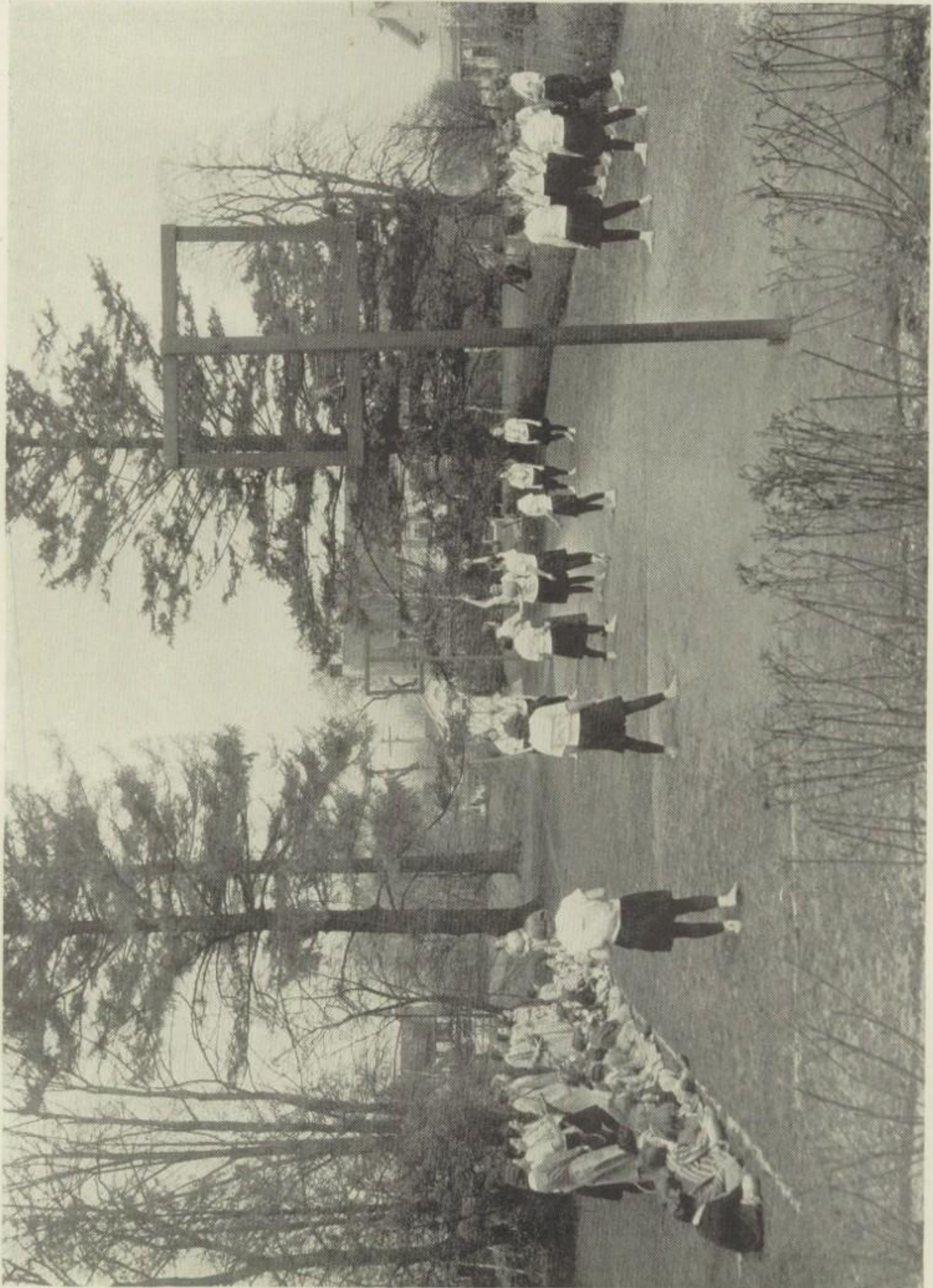
Five weeks later Daniel Boone and the six other men were standing on the top of the mountain looking at the beautiful view. A little later Daniel Boone and his companion were taken prisoners by a band of Indians, but in a week they escaped. When they returned the five men could not be found. So Boone and his companion returned home and told everything they saw in the new country. Soon Boone and his family went to live there. After that too many people came there so hunting was not good. When Boone was sixty he went to Missouri and lived to be a very old man.

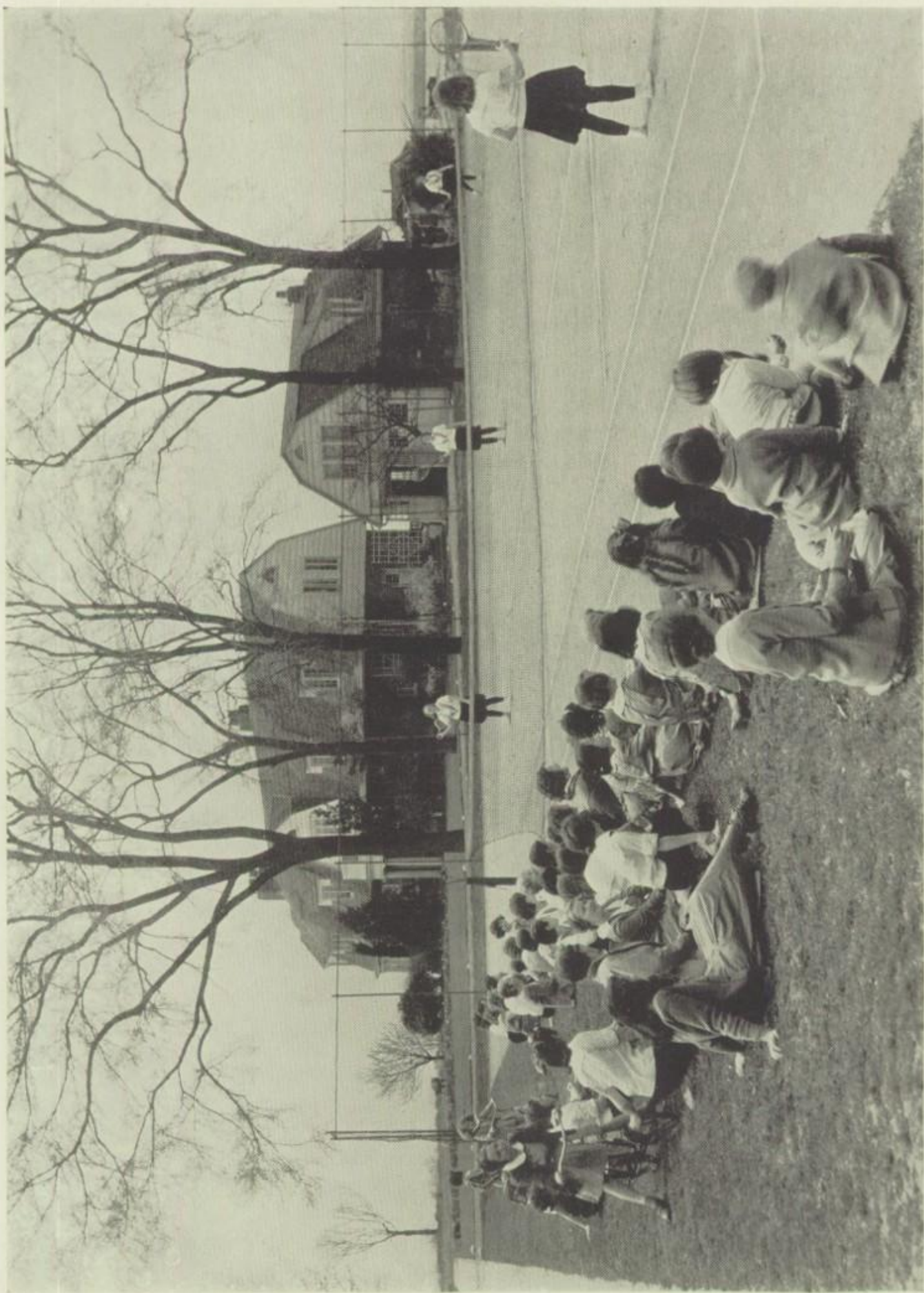
PATSY LEAVITT.















ATHLETIC TEAMS

UPPER SCHOOL GOLD TEAM

AASTA PEDERSEN—*Captain*
 LOU MEAD—*Cheer Leader*
 MARY BARRETT
 MARJORIE BURRELLE
 BARBARA COLTON
 VIVIAN FAULKNER
 LOUISE GROMINGER
 OLGA HAMILTON
 BARBARA HARDING
 KATHLEEN HARRIS
 HENRIETTA HERCK
 AIMEE HUNNICUTT
 FLORENCE NIMICK
 MARY PARMENTER
 JEAN PARRY
 MARGARET PARRY
 BETTY RICHMOND
 HELEN RINKE
 LUCILE SHINE
 GLORIA STEENDAL
 SOPHIE TSCHIRN
 GRACE WOODWORTH

UPPER SCHOOL GRAY TEAM

DOROTHY PICKENS—*Captain*
 FRANCES REAVES—*Cheer Leader*
 FRANCES BELCHER
 ELINOR BARRETT
 RUTH COLEMAN
 MARGARET DODGE
 MARJORIE EDERHARDT
 DOROTHY HERCK
 BETTYE HUGHES
 CAROLYN LOGAN
 LOIS MCINTYRE
 DOROTHY MALATESTA
 KATHERINE MAPP
 BETTY MEAD
 FAITH MEAD
 JUNE MELVILLE
 JANE PERKINS
 BLOSSOM ROGERS
 DOROTHY ROUSE
 ADELE SPALLETTA
 FRANCES SLATER
 THERESA UTITZ

LOWER SCHOOL GOLD TEAM

LOIS STRINGFIELD—*Captain*
 EDNA SKINNER—*Cheer Leader*
 JACQUELINE COLLINS
 LOLLIE HARRIS
 TRIENTJE HOOD
 BABETTE RODRIGUES
 VIRGINIA SCHICK
 SYLVIA VON GONTARD

LOWER SCHOOL GRAY TEAM

JANE HUSZAGH—*Captain*
 MARJORIE FOX—*Cheer Leader*
 ALISON HOLMAN
 BETSY LEAVITT
 PATSY LEAVITT
 BEATRICE NIMICK
 VIRGINIA PAGE
 EMILY STRINGFIELD

TINY GOLD TEAM

DORIS BREWER
 DIANE PITMAN
 JOANNE ROSE
 MARTHA SAVAGE
 EMMY LOU SOMMERS
 MARIE WILDER

TINY GRAY TEAM

SALLY BROWN
 VIRGINIA REINER
 BARBARA SCHICK
 BETSY STAFFORD
 BARBARA STEPHENS





TENNIS

THE Tennis Season for the Upper School opened with more than its usual enthusiasm, if that is possible, for our old players were even more experienced by their summer playing and then it was rumored that some of the new girls were perfect whizzes. We were not disappointed either for from the beginning to the end there were exciting matches going on.

June Melville and Lois McIntyre played through exceptionally well until they met each other and one had to give way and it was Lois who won. Everyone enjoyed watching Loie's cool and deliberate aim at those magically flying balls.

Teddy passed up a number of her opponents in a way which belied her youthfulness but when she ran against her cousin—well—that was just the end of her and she gave way in a true sporting manner.

Aasta, too, was playing valiantly until she met D. P.'s untiring energy and then she was defeated thereby eliminating the Golds from the Singles but never mind, Aasta, you played well and the Golds are still proud of you.

Next came the battle between the cool-headed Lois and the untiring D. P. These are both Grays and they had already helped to win the Bernice T. Porter Tennis Cup for the Gray Team but this did not make any difference in their playing. They both had a letter as the goal and there was the look of war in their eyes. Did they play—oh, no! However, D. P. managed to forge ahead and won her Gray S, while both girls won the admiration of all by their sportiness and good fellowship.

Look out Golds—this year's victory makes two years for those Grays to have the Tennis Cup—well—only time will tell and the Golds are not the ones to give up.

The Lower School Grays tried very hard to follow the example of their Upper Teammates and every one played well regardless of whether they had played very much tennis or not. But the Lower Golds were just as determined as the Grays and they played with might and main until the victory was won and the Bernice T. Porter Tennis Cup for the Lower School is theirs for the year.

Sylvia won a Gold G and was thereby declared the Lower School Singles Champion but Grays, we are still cheering for you so come on we'll show them what's what next time.



SCHLAG

HOO-RAY! Rah! Rah! Come on girls, that's the stuff!
Ya-a-a-a!"

"What is all the noise anyway? Oh, don't you know that the Upper School Schlag Series is on? Come on, you mustn't miss a single run!"

Such energy and such pep could not possibly be found in any other place. That Schlag is one grand game—we all agree. Everyone in the best of trim, best of spirits and bubbling over with fun. No wonder there was such a battle between the Grays and Golds for the Betty Happy Schlag Cup with two such evenly matched teams. The Grays finally won though to the tune of 6-4, helped of course by Bingo and no one could tell a Gray from a Gold in the final cheering for they were all cheering together and for each other. That's the spirit, girls, "keep your pride under in victory and a stout heart in defeat."

Equally noisy although not so much in size, the Lower School started their Schlag Series and what a time they had. Both teams attended as many of the Upper Schlag games as possible, absorbed the many points of play, tried them out in their own games and—Hoo-ray!—they worked! Some teams, those Lower Grays and Golds!

The Golds with their Tiger won the Gray Court Banner with the score 6-2 but those Grays certainly made them work for every single run and the little Gray Squirrel still looks happy for he is a true Gray and will grin at anything, even defeat.

BASKET BALL

WHAT a wonderful time we have had on the Basket Ball Court this year! Maybe you won't believe it but some of us played every day from the time school started until the Thanksgiving Vacation, not a single day did we stay inside for Gym. And what fun it was trying out for places on the teams. Everyone had a chance from the shortest to the tallest and from skinniest to the stoutest and we all tried every position so anxious were we to discover what place we were best suited for and why.

Then this Spring we have almost stood over the court with heaters in our anxiety to have it dry early and then we played and played and played and who said that we are not proud of our Gray and Gold arm bands and our Gray and Gold Gs?

Three cheers for the Basket Ball Season!



UPPER SCHOOL

Useful to all is Teddy's locker so near;
Pickens, the last name of our Captain, so dear.
Perkins, too, better known as "Janie the Slight;"
Ever crooning is South from morning 'til night.
Ruthie's the girl with the great big heart.
Go is Bet Mead—she needs no start.
Rate in smiles does Lois—the cheery one;
Adele seems quiet but she's ready for fun.
Yells from Maggie if the balls fly too high;
School Spirit stands for Grays—they never say die.
Utterly lost in our cheering so wild;
Pedersen! Aasta! She's Norway's own child.
Pep stands for Lou from her heels to her head;
Every night finds Gloria arguing about bed.
Rich is B. Harding with her wavy hair.
Grace is always busy but with never a care.
Olga, so short, is always on the go;
Louise is ever jolly in rain or in snow.
"Do it now," says Lucile, "there's no better date."
School Spirit stands for Golds—each and every teammate.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

D. P. wore a whole pair of Gym stockings one day.
Betty Mead yelled right out loud.
Lou Mead borrowed a tie.
Ruthie had on a soiled middy.
South put elastic in her Gym bloomers.
Barbara Harding didn't do a hand stand in Basket Ball.
Margie had a safety pin when she needed it.
Grace marched on her left foot at the right time.
Kitty got to Gym on time.
Aimee did not say one word during Gym.
Lucile was the first one out of the dressing-room.
Dolly did not get hurt.
Teddy's locker was the neatest of all.
Louise did not laugh the whole period.
Maggie wasn't stiff after a whole class of exercises.
It was perfectly quiet in the dressing-room.
No one wanted to go to Gym.



LOWER SCHOOL

Late is the thing that we never are;
Out in the gym there would surely be war.
Wows from Captain Janie if her balls fly out;
Eager is Patsy to do her best no doubt.
Racing goes Betsy to keep ahead of the rest.

Gym is the thing that Margie likes best.
Runs are the things that Bea sure can make;
At Schlag she works hard for her Gray Team's sake.
Yes! Yes! comes the yell when crackers appear;
So there's something doing when Lower Grays are near.

Lois, our Captain, is kind and true;
Of games she could tell you quite a few.
With tramping and laughter comes Sylvia light;
Everything's fun to our "Trennie," so bright.
Rollicking, galloping, giggling and boom-boom!

Gone are peace and quiet as Golds enter the room.
Our Babs is so happy the livelong day;
Lanky is Jackie though her smile is so gay.
Down Gym stairs and oh what a din!
Sunshine comes, too, when Lower Golds come in.

Twinkling with mischief are "Jannie's" eyes brown;
Into everything is Barbara—can't keep her down.
Not to be outdone is Martha so gay;
Yells come from Sally the livelong day.

Go is Bobby Schick's middle name and say
Yaps from Ginny, Emmy Lou and Marie,
Make us all see Betsy's and Diane's clothes from "Paree."

A SPORT WEEK

Monday brings Tennis with never a sigh,
Tuesday brings Basket Ball with scores so high;
Wednesday brings Schlag inside or out,
Thursday brings Throw Ball we like it no doubt;
Friday brings Bound Ball or Dodge on the hop,
Saturday brings all for we never say stop.



LETTER WINNERS

Dorothy Pickens (Gray) an S for Upper Tennis Singles.

WINNERS OF ARM BANDS FOR BASKETBALL

Kitty Mapp (Gray)	Margaret Dodge (Gray)
Lois McIntyre (Gray)	Aasta Pedersen (Gold)
Ruth Coleman (Gray)	Barbara Harding (Gold)

WINNERS OF GS FOR BASKETBALL

June Melville (Gray)	Sophie Tschirn (Gold)
Dolly Rouse (Gray)	Lou Mead (Gold)
Jane Perkins (Gray)	Vivian Faulkner (Gold)
Lynn Logan (Gray)	Louise Grominger (Gold)
Betty Mead (Gray)	Barbara Colton (Gold)
Dorothy Malatesta (Gray)	Betty Richmond (Gold)

Sylvia VonGontard (Gold) a G for Lower Tennis Singles.

HONORABLE MENTION

UPPER SCHOOL TENNIS

Aasta Pedersen (Gold)
Lois McIntyre (Gray)

LOWER SCHOOL TENNIS

Betsy Leavitt (Gray)

UPPER SCHOOL SCHLAG

Ruth Coleman (Gray)
Margaret Dodge (Gray)
Marjorie Eberhardt (Gray)
Dorothy Pickens (Gray)
Aasta Pedersen (Gold)
Barbara Harding (Gold)
Vivian Faulkner (Gold)

LOWER SCHOOL SCHLAG

Jane Huszagh (Gray)
Beatrice Nimick (Gray)
Marjorie Fox (Gray)
Lois Stringfield (Gold)
Jacqueline Collins (Gold)
Trientje Hood (Gold)

UPPER SCHOOL BASKETBALL

Dorothy Pickens (Gray)
Frances Reaves (Gray)
Marjorie Eberhardt (Gray)
Florence Nimick (Gold)
Olga Hamilton (Gold)



BASKETBALL TEAMS

GRAY COURT TEAM

Kitty Mapp (Gray)—*Jumping Center*
Lois McIntyre (Gray)—*Side Center*
Ruth Coleman (Gray)—*Right Forward*
Margaret Dodge (Gray)—*Left Forward*
Aasta Pedersen (Gold)—*Right Guard*
Barbara Harding (Gold)—*Left Guard*

GRAY TEAM

June Melville	<i>Jumping Center</i>
Dolly Rouse	<i>Side Center</i>
Jane Perkins	<i>Right Forward</i>
Lynn Logan	<i>Left Forward</i>
Dorothy Malatesta	<i>Right Guard</i>
Betty Mead	<i>Left Guard</i>

GOLD TEAM

Sophie Tschirn
Lou Mead
Vivian Faulkner
Louise Grominger
Betty Richmond
Barbara Colton

WINNERS OF LETTERS FOR THROW BALL

Lois Stringfield—Gold G
Jacqueline Collins—Gold G
Trientje Hood—Gold G
Babbette Rodrigues—Gold G
Sylvia vonGontard—Gold C



GRAY COURT LIMERICKS

The lady, Ruth Coleman, by name
Once posed in a quaint picture frame,
Till we all gasped with pleasure
That we had such a treasure
To add to our far-reaching fame.

Marjie Eberhardt has a fondness for shows,
To them she quite frequently goes,
Then she'll tell with great glee
Of each film she did see;
Her story with much vividness glows.

B. Harding, as everyone knows,
Is a lady who twinkles her toes;
Her rhythm enchants
In the maze of the dance,
As a-tapping and twirling she goes.

Dorothy Pickens writes letters galore
And receives every day many more
Than the rest of us get.
Is it fair then to let
Her receive them all week by the score?

'Tis South who each night does declare
It's now time for us all to repair
To the room just above
For those songs which we love.
Bing Crosby's now due on the air.

A lover of horses—Miss Mead
Young Betty, who captures the lead
On cross-country races.
'Tis she who sets paces
Both in riding and in sportsmanship creed.

Lou Mead performs stunts with a rope
And watching, we cherish the hope
That on her circles and whirls
And figures and twirls
She will soon give us all of the dope.



Our Gracie, when typing we need,
Does her bit for the Log with great speed:
With a tap and a clatter
Her quick fingers patter—
They run so that Gray Court may read.

Frances Slater came to Gray Court one day,
But we discovered she'd not long to stay,
For her style most entrancing
Drew many a glancing
To a fashionable shop down the way.

Our friend—Miss Marjorie Burrelle
At the Gray House does most happily dwell.
But when the radio sings
To the mantel she clings.
Her ardor we never can quell.

The subject of this little ditty
Is a lively young person called Kitty:
In games and in dances
She curvets and prances;
Withal she is sparkling and witty.

Adele is a versatile maiden—
With trophies of learning she's laden:
Her voracious looks
Simply gobble up books,
In the midst of the gayest of gay din.

Dorothy Herck has a lovely complexion.
Not a flaw for our detection!
It's like peaches and cream
It really does seem
She'd grow vain o'er her mirrored reflection.

The Junior, Henrietta, loves coats;
On them all, vari-colored, she dotes.
She's not lacking in style,
And she'd win by a mile,
If on that subject we counted the votes.



In those charming Victorian days,
How the dandies their ladies did praise
For waistlines as wee
As Maggie's we see,
When the fashion her slimness betrays!

An ardent musician is Lynn;
When her wandering fingers begin
To play melodies rare,
There's a song in the air,
Sounding sweet through each door, thick or thin.

Fair Aasta, from Norway the frozen
Has delicate frocks by the dozen;
For "Wapex" she'll shout
When colds are about—
And a hanky to bury her nose in.

Helen Rinke, our Sophomore, it seems
Thinks Math. more fun than just themes.
On all kinds of mathematics
From sums to quadratics
She'll reel off the pages by reams.

Barbara Colton sews like a flash,
Her needles fly with a dash,
And when her product is through
It's perfect! I'll tell you
She really should do it for cash.

Freshman Lois is as cute as a bunny
She's tiny and dainty and funny.
She laughs with quick wit
Then is sober a bit.
She makes all our gray days seem sunny.

Margaret Parry has the Freshman class trust
To keep track of its finances she must.
So the strong box does rattle
During class meeting prattle.
She's a treasurer able and just.



Kay Harris, a lass quaint and charming
Speaks German to a point quite alarming.
Queer customs she'll explain
Till they seem really sane
And her smile is truly disarming.

For Sophie no jest is too deep—
She's quicker to laugh than to weep;
Her temper is jolly
And sans melancholy.
Though she frequently shouts in her sleep.

A damsel with hair brightly Titian
Un-commonly sweet disposition
Brisk Dorothy lends
Willing aid to her friends
And pursues her career with ambition.

Lucille Shine quite lives up to her name
On her average she never brings shame.
She performs with great zest
Tasks that floor all the rest
And excels in each kind of a game.

Aimee shows her room with great pleasure;
Her new curtains form such a treasure
That she'll rush you right there
And sigh with despair
If you don't praise them twice for good measure.

Janie Perkins, a lass quite capricious,
Thinks bedtime each night most auspicious
To wave her brown hair
Which she does with great care;
Which seems to us truly ambitious.

In Miss Richmond, named Betty, one sees
A young miss who frequents tops of trees;
To make it emphatic—
She's quite acrobatic,
But refuses to hang by her knees.



Mary Parmenter skates with great zeal
Up and down, past garden and field
She goes with such speed
That you'd better take heed
Or you'll be out-distanced a great deal.

Frances Belcher's devoted to art!
In it all she takes a big part.
Her tablets all show
Where study halls go;
In this subject she'll put her whole heart.

To dance or to laugh, shall it be?
Should she tango, or giggle with glee?
The answer is plain
In our Vivian's brain
She laughs as she dances, you see!

Now June is a lover of these;
The sands and the stars and the trees;
In catching a bird
She's quite the last word—
"Oh! do something quick! won't you, please?"

A child of our own modern age
Is Theresa; she's ready to wage
A war to the death,
Or to gasp her last breath
Praising stars on the air or the stage.

F. Nimick in a land far away
Did wander one hot summer day
On shores very bright,
And viewed with delight
Strange costumes so varied and gay.

Mary Barrett, the sweetest of girls,
Has such a crop of lovely black curls,
That we envy her truly
And try then most duly
Our own locks to make into swirls.



Winkie Mead dresses always with care
And fluffs and curls up her hair,
But let the Seventh Grade run
Playing tag just for fun
You will find she is always right there.

Dolly Rouse in that lovely new car
Rides 'round over the land near and far;
Tho' her small self is hidden
By her voice you'll be bidden
"Come, ride in my pretty new car."

Can you imagine Miss Parry, our Jean
Doing anything ugly or mean?
If it's work, play, or rest
She'll give it her best.
We all think she's really quite keen.

In a costume which drew all our glances,
Elinor Barrett led all the quaint dances,
That marked that birthday
Of him whom we say
The fame of our nation enhances.

Between dinner and bedtime each night
Louise Grominger thinks it quite right
At Bridge then to play.
"That's the fun of the day."
She'll beg you "Don't turn off the light."

Gloria Steendal's lovely dark hair
Is at once her delight and despair.
She brushes and sets it
Shampoos and gets it
To frame her sweet face with much care.

The young Miss Hamilton, our Olga,
Can locate the Elbe and the Volga.
To the questions you ask
She replies "That's no task;
Give me something much harder," begs Olga.



Blossom Rogers rides up in the air!
She'll ask you along if you'll dare.
She'll soon have her plane
Would you think she'd be vain?
She loves it—foul weather or fair.

Sylvia, of gay room sixteen,
Taps better than any we've seen.
She taps by the hour
Then seems fresh as a flower,
One would think 'twould make her quite lean.

The other Miss Harris, our Lollie
Loves her dog, her cat, and her dolly,
She gives them great care.
Then she braids her own hair
And runs out to play. She's very jolly.

Jacqueline Collins with light hair a-gleaming
Comes in each morning a-beaming;
Her bright cheery smile
Makes life seem worth while.
With pep, fun and laughter she's teeming.

Marjorie Fox with long curls a-flowing
All the dates in her History'll be knowing.
Sir Walter, Queen Bess,
Prince Hal—all the rest
Her great fund of knowledge she's showing.

There really is nothing much sweeter
Than Lois Stringfield, when ever you meet her
Coming gaily to classes,
This dearest of lasses
Makes your heart glow with pleasure to greet her.

This gay young Nimick, named Bea
Travels round quite a lot as you'll see
By ship and by plane
By motor and train
But she loves dear old Gray Court, b'lieve me!



Edna Skinner's a weaver of tales—
Her flair for romance never fails:
As adventures she hurdles,
One's blood fairly curdles;
And her fish stories always are whales.

Gigi Page is so merry and spry
That there's never a tear in her eye;
Her dimples and hair
Are like Gretchen's so fair,
In the land where the windmills are high.

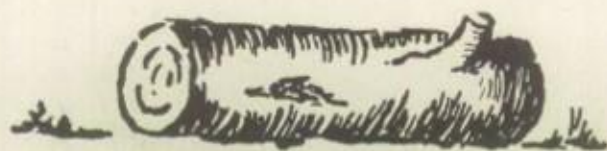
Fifth Grade Janie has a doggie named Fatty.
(She dislikes anything that is cat-ty)
He follows her gaily
And comes to school daily
Lassie and pet, they really look natty.

Miss Rodrigues, each night in a flurry
Asks, "Candy tonight, if we hurry?"
To her room then she'll go
And never be slow,
And downstairs to Miss Gray she will scurry.

Emily Stringfield to Florida did go,
Down where the warm breezes blow,
And left us to quiver—
And to shake and to shiver—
While she romped far away from the snow.

Betsy Leavitt out to school often brings
A collection of wonderful things.
Dogs, dollies, and balls;
We rush at her calls,
To come look at the things fit for kings.

Alison is a lady most gay
Who loves to have parties all day.
In spelling she's bright,
In reading quite right,
And to fun she'll never say nay.



Trientje Hood, who lives 'cross the way
Comes early to school every day;
And in games with the ball
You can hear her gay call,
For she's always quite ready to play.

There's Patsy, with eyes all a-twinkle,
Who laughs with her nose all a-wrinkle,
At games she's a trump,
Though she falls with a thump,
And keeps Gray Court School in a tinkle.

Bobby Schick, all so dimpled and curly,
Is really enchantingly girl-y;
Yet 'tis said that with joy
She'd turn into a boy—
And she wishes the change would be early.

Marie Wilder's a lassie quite charming,
With her bright eyes and smile so disarming;
She's as quick as you please
And learns like a breeze:
Her progress is really alarming.

It is quite surprising, Miss Reiner,
To find you speak German much finer
Than most natives do:—
On the ocean so blue
Soon you'll sail, in an elegant liner.

Emmy Lou is a cherub so cheerful
That her countenance never is tearful;
She's laughing and gay
The whole livelong day—
Of her temper one never is fearful.

Miss Martha, with dancing black eyes,
Has a mischievous look which belies
Her good reading and spelling—
There's really no telling
How clever she is, and how wise.



This petite little maiden, Miss Brown
Is the happiest lass about town.
She frolics with "pep"
Runs many a step
And ne'er once will you discover a frown.

Barbara Stephens who rooms on third floor
Can dart like a flash through a door.
She dashes with speed
No warning she'll heed
And shoestrings she wears out galore.

There is a young lady Joanne
Who plays at Gray Court all she can:
She'd be a boarder gay
If she had her own way.
We like her nice coat of sun tan.

Betsy Stafford, a wee lady so bright
Comes each day with face all alight.
She loves to play and sing
In fact loves everything
And would jump rope from morn until night.

Diane is a very small girl
Who does set all our heads in a whirl
With her questions galore
Over which we must pore
While she sits and shakes out every curl.

Barbara Hatch is our tiniest newcomer,
Her eyes are like skies in the summer.
She is so very weeney
We call her little "Teeney,"
This winsome wee lass, our newcomer.



GRAY COURT ALPHABET

A is for Aimee, so happy and gay.
And also for Aasta, who lives far away.
Adele is a Junior, whose knowledge is much
Of Latin, of History, of English and such.
There is also our Alison, whose great love of gym
Is shown in her actions with vigor and vim.

B is for Barbara—four of whom we possess.
Miss Harding whose dancing has met with success,
Miss Colton whose laughter is heard through the halls,
And also Miss Stephens who loves to play ball.
Last but not least is little Miss Schick;
Who at work and play is ever so quick.
Marjorie Burrelle is a Junior so kind
Who laughs at our tricks, (which we do not mind).
We must not forget our tiny Miss Brown,
And also Miss Belcher who's most fond of town.
Two sisters, so happy and carefree at play,
Are Elinor and Mary, "the Barretts" we say.

C is for Coleman, a Senior at last.
Ruth's been at Gray Court for the nine years past.
Jacqueline Collins at jokes does excel
And often has one that the blues does dispel.

D is for Dodge, but by Maggie she's known,
And many a swift ball in Schlag she has thrown.
Miss Diane Pitman, a sweet little lass,
Came to us later than the rest of her class.
D is for Dorothy—we have four of this name.
They all root for Grays whene'er there's a game.
Miss Pickens, who leads the proud Senior Class,
Miss Rouse, a quiet but gay little lass,
Dot Herek, who studies from dawn until dark,
And Miss Malatesta who loves a good mark.
She's also a fine actor in the plays of her class
And her impersonations all others surpass.

E is for Emily, the Stringfield so small,
And also for Edna who loudly can call.
Next comes one dear to the hearts of her grade,



Miss Emmy Lou Sommers, a smart little maid.
Miss Eberhardt, the treasurer your dues will not charge,
Is known to the Seniors, her classmates, as Marge.

F is for Faith, one of the three Meads,
Who cheers for the Grays and the Seventh grade leads.
Marjorie Fox, at the end of each day,
Likes to go out with Miss Pritchard and play.
A Senior, called Frances, at the Gray House resides:
Miss Reaves with the lovers of poetry sides.

G is for Grominger, who plays hide and go seek
And quite oft' in each game 'round the corner will peek.
Miss Gloria Steendal, I'm sure you all know,
Loves to go out and play in the snow.
She'll make a large snow fort and snowballs galore
And when the fight's over she'll still make some more.

H is for Harris—our Lollie's long hair
And sparkling round eyes, make a picture so fair.
And also for Huszagh, our Jane who comes early
And carries her doll, whose hair is so curly.
A Junior comes next—Henrietta so tall,
With a book in her hand she will run through the hall.

I is for Interest, in work and in play,
And Intelligence also which we add to each day.
The Ideals of Gray Court we must not forget—
The spirit of friendship and problems well met.

J is for Jean, the young Parry so smart,
Who once in a play took George Washington's part.
Although she's so small, Joanne likes to sing,
And Pep meeting days she'll make the hall ring.

K is for Katherine, by Kitty she's known,
She has many friends and is seldom alone.
Miss Kathleen Harris, of the gay Freshman Class,
Left us this year, her time in Europe to pass.

L is for Leavitt, two sisters so small
Both Betsy and Patsy came to us this fall.
Each day after lunch Miss Logan will sail
Up the stairs in the hope that she will get mail.



Miss Lois McIntyre, each day in the gym
Repeats her exercises with joy, pep and vim.

M is for Mead—the twins Bet and Lou,
One is Gray, one is Gold, but both are true blue.
And also June Melville who studies so hard
And loves to play basket ball and be a Gray guard.
M stands for Martha, whose room is filled with toys,
Her heart is happy, and her life is full of joys.

N is for Nimick—one's Florence, a good sport,
She likes to play tennis when there's a free court.
B. Nimick, her sister, is athletic too—
She enjoys winter sports where snowballs ensue.

O is for Olga, Miss Hamilton small,
Who's ever so quick to dodge the Schlag ball.
She is happy and joyful and most full of fun
And never feels tired when the long day is done.

P is for Perkins, Miss Jane loves to go
Down to the rocks when the tide is quite low.
Margaret Parry is next in this rhyme of Ps,
And will never forget her class "V. V. Vs."
Virginia Page possesses such long flaxen braids,
That she's envied by all of "the grades."
Miss Parmenter waits for the gong every noon
With the hope that perhaps it will ring very soon.

Q is for Quality and Quantity too—
The combination we want in our work when we're through.
And also for Quiet which reigns in the night,
When the lights are out and our eyes are shut tight.

R is for Rogers, Miss Blossom so smart,
Her knowledge of planes she loves to impart.
Miss Rinke so jolly and cheerful, will gladly
Give help on the problems when needed so badly.
Miss Babbette Rodrigues, when e'er the sun's bright
Likes to play "get the Banner" with all of her might,
We will end the Rs with Miss Richmond this time,
Because her name, Betty, will make this verse rhyme.



S is for Slater who leaves us this year.
Frances' departure will cause many a tear.
And next comes our Betsy, Miss Stafford so small,
Who comes to you quickly whenever you call.
S is also for Shine and Miss Stringfield too.
When Lucille's your friend you know she'll be true.
And Lois, you know, studies hard every day,
But also finds time to go outdoors and play.

T is for Trientje, sweet little Miss Hood,
Who as a gay Valentine, was really quite good.
Miss Sophie Tschirn, a gay Freshman lass,
Acts well in the plays of that illustrious class.

U is for Utitz who moves quickly around
And when you most need her she ne'er can be found.
Many are the friends which Theresa has made,
But the best, she will tell you, are in the eighth grade.

V is for Virginia, but of course you all know,
That the lively Miss Reiner in games is not slow.
Miss Vivian Faulkner's delight is to walk
Down to the water, to sit there and talk.
Sylvia von Gontard is a very good sport
And in games and in studies she's just the right sort.

W is for Woodworth, our Gracie so kind,
And when you once know her, better friend you'll not find.
And also for Wilder, that bright little maid,
Who in her studies makes a high grade
And at the recital her music well played.

X is for X-ams, which soon will be past,
And we will be able to enjoy freedom at last.
X-cellence is a quality which we all must possess
Before we have made our lives a success.

Y is for Yearbook, the one which you're reading,
And whene'er you do so, think of the pleading
And the many struggles that we have gone through,
In order to give the finished product to you.

Z is for Zest and for Zeal, that fine pair,
That make work and play take on a bright air.
The work becomes play, and the play becomes joy,
When these two great virtues are ours to employ.

BETTY AND LOU MEAD.



PLAYS IN REVIEW

<i>Animal Kingdom</i>	Back Porch
<i>Through the Years</i>	Till Graduation
<i>Of Thee I Sing</i>	Miss Gray
<i>Prestige</i>	What we long for
<i>Strictly Dishonorable</i>	Ordering Hamburgers late at night
<i>Free Soul</i>	Nobody
<i>The Deceiver</i>	The Mailman
<i>The Woman Commands</i>	Miss Gray (and how!)
<i>The Age for Love</i>	The Eighth Grade (at least they think so)
<i>When the Bow Breaks</i>	Barbara Stephens
<i>Collision</i>	Popetti and Kitty
<i>Rainbow Trail</i>	Express for New York
<i>Riddle Me This</i>	Physics Problems
<i>The Greeks had a Word for It</i>	Latin is Enough
<i>House Beautiful</i>	Main Building
<i>A Little Racketeer</i>	Sally
<i>A Church Mouse</i>	Inhabits the Gray House
<i>Black Tower</i>	Room 6
<i>Brief Moment</i>	Waiting for that Answer
<i>Counsellor-at-Law</i>	Miss Porter
<i>Distant Drums</i>	The Gong
<i>Face the Music</i>	Unexpected Interviews with Miss Gray
<i>Wild Waves</i>	At the Rocks
<i>Whistling in the Dark</i>	On Our Way to the Gray House
<i>The Fatal Alibi</i>	"I didn't know, etc."
<i>The Broken Lullaby</i>	At 7:30 A. M.
<i>Business and Pleasure</i>	The Log Staff
<i>Dance Team</i>	Ruth and Vivian
<i>The Laugh Parade</i>	Dancing Class
<i>Wayward</i>	Theresa
<i>Monkey</i>	South
<i>Mata Hari</i>	Popetti
<i>No One Man</i>	The Plumber
<i>Silence</i>	Lacking in Study Hall
<i>Arsene Lupin</i>	A Name We can't Pronounce
<i>Careless Lady</i>	South
<i>Forbidden</i>	Dancing in the Dark
<i>Girls About Town</i>	Aasta, South and D. P.



<i>Shopworn</i>	Depression Effects
<i>Obey that Impulse</i>	Not Advisable
<i>Palmy Days (daze)</i>	Spring Fever
<i>Ladies of the Jury</i>	Faculty
<i>The Inside Story</i>	Better Left Unsaid
<i>Broadminded</i>	The Seniors
<i>The Crowd Roars</i>	In Chorus
<i>The Misleading Lady</i>	Miss Gray
<i>The Campus Mystery</i>	"Anyone seen my fountain pen?"
<i>There's Always Juliet</i>	But never a Romeo
<i>Too True to be Good</i>	Exam Papers
<i>We're no longer Children</i>	Eighth Grade Battle Cry
<i>Blessed Event</i>	Commencement
<i>Memory Lane</i>	Travelled after Commencement

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

The Gray House was on Time for Breakfast.
 Sally forgot to ask Questions.
 Joanne Rose forgot the words to "Oh-G-R-A-Y-."
 Jane could keep Fatty out of Prayers.
 The Blue (exam) Books failed to arrive.
 The "Pencil sharpener" excuse didn't work.
 Collars and Cuffs were changed on Friday.
 We refused to go to town on Saturday.
 The Victrola wouldn't work.
 We didn't argue over the radio program.
 No one wanted to listen to Bing Crosby.
 The Virgil class arrived on time.
 Sylvia remembered all of her books.
 The Eighth Grade stopped talking.
 South stopped singing.
 We were all in Gym when the whistle blew.
 Miss Gray remembered where her glasses were.
 Adele became noisy.
 We forgot to talk in Study Hall.
 Joanne suddenly found the water-cooler gone.
 Popetti gave the goldfish a bath.
 We went straight to class.
 Mrs. Hatch forgot to give homework.
 Ruthie and D. P. had the light out on time.



ALPHA

<i>President</i>	RUTH COLEMAN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	MARJORIE EBERHARDT
<i>Faculty Advisors</i>	MISS WELLS MRS. HUEY

Girls of the Upper School are members of "ALPHA"—a club which meets for the purpose of reading short stories and plays of the highest merit. At our first meeting this year, following the election of new officers, Dorothy Pickens, South Reaves, Marjorie Eberhardt, and Betty Mead, all of the Senior Class, told short stories. At several of the meetings Miss Wells read us plays such as "The Finger of God" and "Maker of Dreams."

Each class contributed their dramatic efforts which resulted in amusing and well-done plays.

"Speaking to Father" was a witty one-act play presented by the Freshman. This very capable class also presented clever impersonations, pantomimes and monologues. Next came the Sophomores presenting "Ever Young." "Rosalind," by J. M. Barrie, was cleverly depicted by Kitty, Marjorie Burrelle, and Adele, all members of the Junior Class. "The Beau of Bath" was charmingly given by Ruthie, South and Kitty.

We have all looked forward to these meetings which have been full of enthusiasm and spirit.

INVINCIBLES

WHILE the Invincibles have not held any regular meetings this year, nevertheless they have made quite a number of people happy with their work. The many scrap books that have been made and the many, many families of paper dolls, have found their way into various hospitals, chief of which was one among the Crow Indians. Several sums of money have also been sent out to the Crows and the Christmas dinner was furnished for the old people.

More scrap books are now in the process of making which we hope to send in other directions in the fall, and two quilts are being finished for a crippled children's hospital.

The Invincibles was started in October 1923, and its aims are all toward helping in some way children less fortunate than ourselves.



OVER THE TEACUPS

Dorothea Sagal, '22 (Mrs. Eugene Rodney) writes that her children are all well and happy, including Barbara Dale, her five months' old daughter. Her sons, Stanton and Morgan, are five and two years old respectively. Dorothea still lives in Pelham Manor.

Dorothy Foster, '22 (Mrs. Theodore Irwin) sends us the news that her three boys, Junior, Donald and Bruce are fine, and that Junior who is seven, is now in the Second grade.

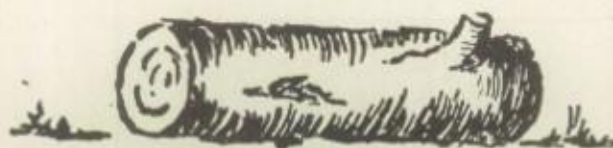
Wilhelmina Frost, '22 (Mrs. George Vaughan) according to our last news is still living in Putnam and her small girl, Priscilla, is almost a big girl.

Rose Adler, '23 (Mrs. Leonard M. Spitzglass) has, as usual, her "headquarters" in Chicago, though most other parts of the country have her attention also.

Louise Ducoudray, '23 (Mrs. William H. Malone) spent a few months in New York last Spring visiting her parents. She has a small son, and is now living in Japan.

Margaret Dodson, '23 (Mrs. William H. Clark, Jr.) has moved to Springdale where she is very busy taking care of William H. Clark, III, who was born September 21, 1931.

Dorothy Muller, '23, is busier than ever. She is still at the Conde Nast Company and is working hard at her music and is soloist in one of the nearby churches. She is to take part in the operetta "Patience"



which is to be produced in Darien shortly.

Sallie Dodson, '24 (Mrs. Harry Dykman) is taking a course at Merrill's Business College, in order to be her husband's right hand "Man."

Helen Lowentritt, '24 (Mrs. Laurence A. Scharpes) is living a busy life in Los Angeles with a husband and two small ones.

Lucy Oldrin, '24, spent a very lovely vacation in Bermuda this winter. Her music occupies most of her time, and she and Dot gave us a most charming recital in April.

Eleanor Jones, '25, was married last June to Bertrand Squier Tipple and is living in Stamford at the Ambassador Arms. A small son was born to her recently.

Frances Wisdom, '25, (Mrs. Henry Whitfield) is living in Oklahoma.

Betty Happy, '26, says that she is opening the Kathmere Inn again and hopes that it will be as interesting this year as it was last summer when she entertained opera stars, a prince, and other distinguished people.

Rosamond Ryals, '26, is living in Long Island and commuting to New York each day to business.

Dorothy Lee, '27, is doing research work in the History Department of the graduate school of Johns Hopkins University, where she has made many interesting acquaintances. She has been taken into the National Sorority of Phi Delta Gamma. She is working toward her Master's degree.

Betty Shaw, '28. Can any one tell us anything about her?

Doris Happy, '28, has a position at The Ell Shop and is enjoying it greatly.

Laura Falk, '28, has a position with a New York department store, and is just as alert as ever in everything that she does.

Ann Brewer, '29, writes that she is still studying drawing and painting from "life" at the Art Students' League in New York.

Frances Colton, '29, has been hostess at Sally Williams' Tea Room for the past year, but has just resigned, as she is to be married to Carl T. Buettner the first of June.

Elsie Gamboa, '29, was married in April, 1931, at her home in Merida, Mexico, to Mr. F. Santiago. She paid us a visit in May, and then went for a most enjoyable trip to Venezuela, but is now once more in Mexico.

Betty Hoenig, '29, will be graduated from the Leland Powers Dramatic School in Boston, this June. She has been studying at this school for the past three years, during which time she has played the



leads in several Senior plays.

Mona Jarrett, '29, says she has been very busy dancing with various shows and lately she has been taking a dramatic course with the Provincetown Players.

Marjorie Kunkle, '29, has been to Philadelphia for a visit, but at present is just enjoying herself at home.

Doreen Laurie, '29, was married on March 28, at the church of St. Mark, Brooklyn, to Martin Samuel Noffsinger, Jr., and motored through the South on her honeymoon. Doreen has grown to love the South and she expects to now make Roanoke her home.

Winifred Laurie, '29, is having a great time in between office hours, and by the way, she too, is working in New York.

Ruth Pritchard, '29, is here at Gray Court, assisting Miss Blockburger in some of her "Gym" classes and overseeing the out-door games of the younger girls after school is out.

Dollie Dixin, '29, we believe is still at the American University in Washington, D. C.

Emily Strawn, '29, has also a position in New York, and along with it been having a very good time. She has been planning to go to Paris this Spring.

Ruth Paulsen, '30, came back from Venezuela last spring, and went up to Manitoba, but is now back in the States, and is taking a Secretarial course; she is living in Rutherford, N. J.

Marion Coleman, '31, has been at her home in Fitchburg, Mass., all year living a happy though idle life, she says.

Frances Hawkes, '31, is supervising the piano practice at the Greenwich Country Day School for Boys.

Emily Mussen, '31, spent a part of the year at White Plains, and the rest at her home at Saranac.

At the Christmas dinner this year we were overjoyed to welcome so many of our old girls. 'Among those present' were Emmie, Fran Colton, Winnie and Doreen, Betty Hoenig, Pritchie, Dot and Lucy, Betty and Dorrie, Kunkie, and Frannie Hawkes.

Betty Macauley, ex '30 (Mrs. M. W. Church) has a small daughter, Betty Lee, born May 27, 1931. Betty says she is a very busy person these days. She still lives in New Britain.

We are looking forward to a visit from the Jimenez girls, as they are to come to the States to get together Margot's trousseau. Her engagement was announced at her home in Venezuela last fall.

Mrs. Richard Forbes (Miss Derstine, a former English teacher) has sent us the announcement of the birth of her third child, William Franklin, on January 14, 1932.



CALENDAR

Oct. 6—School opened today. The old girls came excitedly back to the dear familiar scenes and friends.

Oct. 7—Arrival of the new girls! Added excitement and the welcoming of strange faces among the old.

Oct. 10—We all gathered together in the Main Building to compete in Bridge. Margie Eberhardt ran off with the honors. Refreshments! Fun!!!

Oct. 12—Classes started in earnest amid the usual bewilderment and confusion of "when and where."

Oct. 13—For the first time in nine years Ruthie was not here to celebrate her birthday with us, due to an extended trip abroad.

Oct. 14—South Reaves, one of our most honorable seniors, was the object of "many happy returns of the day."

Oct. 17—Virginia Reiner arrived today, joining that peppy younger set. The Annex entertained the school with a novel "automobile" party.

Oct. 19—The tennis tournaments began! Upper and Lower schools each striving for team victory. They're off!!

Oct. 24—Mlle Bourgoin visited us today bringing her usual gay smile of greeting.

Oct. 28—The Junior class entertained the Freshmen at an exclusive little tea party given in the Annex.

Oct. 31—Hallowe'en, excitement, spooks, and sports! Each Senior presided over a group of girls who entertained us royally in the "Gym."

Nov. 1—Ruthie Coleman and Florence and Beatrice Nimick finally arrived after a prolonged vacation. Also, of the Class of '29, Doreen, Winnie and Emmie surprised us with a visit.

Nov. 2—The tennis tournaments are over! D. P., with flying colors, victoriously defended the Gray team title. The Physics class visited the Water Works in Greenwich.

Nov. 3—Aimee is thirteen years old today. How they do grow up!

Nov. 7—Miss Blockburger, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Sommers, and Miss Porter took all the girls from the Gray House and the Annex for a ride through the surrounding country this afternoon.

Nov. 10—The Freshman class celebrated its first birthday today by a trip into New York. We were entertained at a lovely luncheon at the home of Mrs. Harris, our president's mother. The afternoon was spent



at the Metropolitan Museum. On our way home we visited Schrafft's, where we consumed large quantities of chocolate ice cream. Here's wishing our birthday days came more often.

Nov. 11—Mr. d'Emery gave us a charming talk on Spain, made all the more interesting by the showing of most unusual colored slides.

Nov. 14—The Upper School was invited to a bridge party at "Pritchie's" attractive home. There was also ping pong, and then tasty dainties, which afforded us much pleasure.

Nov. 18—Teddy had a birthday today. Thirteen candles flickered on her cake!

Nov. 19—Not to let a cousin get away with all the glory, D. P. also celebrated her birthday (her tenth one here); the Seniors can hold their own.

Nov. 20—On this day the Seniors were four years old. Miss Gray, our faculty advisor, invited us to the Rainbow Inn where we enjoyed the most delicious dinner possible. Nothing could have been finer. There was only one trouble—we will not be together again for another equally delightful birthday.

Nov. 21—Again we all gathered together to play bridge, Mah-Jong or what we pleased. The party was given by Miss Gray.

Nov. 24—Miss Porter invited a beaming and very important Sophomore class to tea at the Tide Mill Tavern.

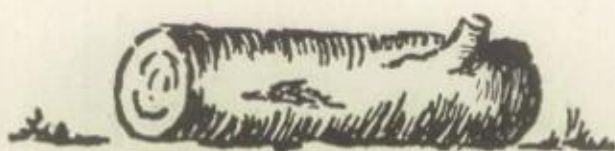
Nov. 25—A bustle of packing and cleaning followed by many "good-byes" and "oh! I've lost my ticket" always precedes departures such as this for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Dec. 1—Back again and hard at work, with so many interesting things looming up in the future.

Dec. 11—Our annual "Fair" went off like a top. There were gifts, candies and cakes, fortune telling and tea room service, and we Seniors spent a very "profitable" time. For supper we indulged most heartily in hamburger sandwiches and coffee! It was an intensely crowded and interesting day. No wonder we retired weary, but happy of heart.

Dec. 12—The Juniors again stepped out. This time, Miss Blockburger, their faculty advisor, took them to luncheon at the ever popular Tide Mill Tavern.

Dec. 16—The Christmas season! Tonight we successfully presented our French, German, and musical plays. No matter what may be said of stage fright, there is unmistakable pleasure in these annual performances. The little children up to the Sixth Grade presented French songs and poems—Really quite Parisian! The Seventh and



Eighth Grades gave a play entitled "Noel." The peppy tunes from this will always be remembered. "Nicette" was cleverly played and heartily enjoyed, so rumor has it. The German students presented "A German Christmas Story" which was undoubtedly charming but quite a mystery to most of us. And last of all the whole school took part in "The Magi's Gift." The songs, costumes and scenery made this presentation a joy to both the "actresses" and audience.

Dec. 17—One of the grandest events of the whole year is Miss Gray's Christmas dinner. Food fit for queens, beautiful decorations, toys and - - - - - an orchestra! plus the pleasure of again seeing among us, as of old, the alumnae.

Dec. 18—Another rushed departure and we are once more separated to spend a three-weeks' vacation at home.

Jan. 5—Reunion again! The vacation is over and with new energy we start work once more. Also Frances Belcher was just in time to let us all celebrate her birthday with her.

Jan. 11—Miss Rogers is thirteen years old today. Congratulations, Blossom.

Jan. 13—We heard a most interesting talk this morning on The Near East. Miss Katherine Reynolds quite won our hearts in her quaint oriental costume, and our intense curiosity was aroused by the many rare articles she displayed brought from distant lands. As the result of her talk, we are all working toward a Scholarship fund which will go toward the support of a young prospective nurse in Greece.

Jan. 14—Mrs. Abell's pupils gave a short recital which proved that we love to play and really know how to even if our knees did tremble and our hands were unusually cold.

Jan. 18—That Freshman class displayed fine talent when they presented to the "Alpha" members a play entitled "Speaking to Father." Nothing could have pleased us more.

Jan. 22—The Seniors hailed one and all to a "Tacky" party in the "Gym" and our guests were the most appropriately tacky bunch you can imagine. And if we do say so ourselves, the radio show was a huge success, thanks to school spirit and cooperation.

Jan. 26—But after pleasure comes business! and such business! (we don't mean monkey business either). We mean exams! The following days of gloom need hardly be recorded.

Feb. 1—Three cheers! The Schlag series started today.

Feb. 4—On the evening of this day the Seniors escorted their sister class, the Sophomores, to the movies and to a treat at Massoletti's. More fun!



Feb. 5—Kitty Mapp has a birthday. A happy one to you. Also Miss Gray departed for a visit to Pittsburgh. (Those visits are always too long for us.)

Feb. 12—Our regular Valentine party was held this afternoon and such a gay time it was, at least it was a noisy time and we had just loads of fun.

Feb. 16—Another birthday—this time best wishes go to Olga. Also it was a gala day for the Gray team who won the Schlag series after hard battles, but close scores.

Feb. 19—The Seniors gave another party for Log benefit. This time it was à la Chinese. We played bridge, Mah-Jong, seated on the floor, ate our refreshments in the same way, and enjoyed ourselves in every way.

Feb. 22—The most important birthday of all, in this, the Bicentennial year. George Washington's birth was celebrated when the Seventh grade entertained us with a play and dance of the time of Washington, then presented the school with a bronze relief of the head of Washington, after which a tree was planted in memory of the "Father of his Country."

Mar. 2—Again the Freshmen stepped into the limelight and presented "The Trysting Place" which was as successful as every thing they do. Dorothy Malatesta, by special request, also again gave her clever impersonation of an Italian of the lower class. Bravo, Dorothy! A candy sale followed this program.

April 6—Louise is to be congratulated on her birthday.

April 13—The piano recital this morning by Miss Penick's pupils was a splendid performance. We enjoyed every bit and wished it had been longer. We are betting on Sally and Barbara!

April 14—And today Mrs. Abell's music pupils entertained the school with quartettes, trios, duets, and solos! Hidden talent will out.

April 15—Today was a serious one for the Juniors. Warrants summoned them to appear before the high courts of "V. V. V." (in other words the Freshmen). Nevertheless it seemed to the rest of us that their crimes were forgotten and they were, instead, rewarded for their virtuous deeds.

April 18—Gloria is thirteen today. Happy birthday to you.

April 22—On this, one of the most beautiful spring days, the school gathered together for supper on the lawn. Everything was delicious and plenteous and only the growing darkness hurried us to the "Gym" to compete in all kinds of dancing; balloon contests and dummy dances. There were prizes, of course, and never have the Gray Court girls been more spirited.



April 26—Mlle. Horn's French classes, from the seventh grade down, presented several little skits this morning, all in that difficult language! They sang songs and danced and even gave several plays. We all enjoyed it immensely.

April 28—Miss Lucy Oldrin and Miss Dorothy Muller entertained us with another of their charming recitals. Each year we look forward to having them with us, and if they should ever fail us well, we know they just never will!

May 3—Today Miss Gray presented the "Gray Court" basket ball team with the new arm bands, and weren't they proud!

May 4—Our annual photo-taking day! Mr. D'Emery came out and spent the morning trying out our poses, while we scrambled over rocks and roads and got beautifully sunburned.

May 13—The Eighth Grade presented a lovely large picture of George Washington to the School this morning and it was at once proudly hung on the living room wall. This is our fourth Bicentennial gift! The first was a dogwood tree, which the Seventh Grade planted on Washington's birthday; they also gave a bronze bas-relief of Washington, and later on the Sophomores gave a bronze bust of Washington by Gutzon Borglum.

May 16—Tonight the Seniors entertained us with theatricals. Their first play was entitled the "Mouse Trap," the second "Not Such a Goose," were very amusing and very cleverly acted little comedies, and we enjoyed them to our utmost. We invited our parents to these plays and after they were over the whole school gathered around the piano and sang the school songs.

May 17—The Sophomores gave a theatre party tonight in honor of the Seniors, with a treat afterward at Massoletti's. Did we have a good time? I'll say we did!

May 18—This morning, after chapel, Dorothy Malatesta gave us a lecture recital on the music of Washington's day. It was intensely interesting.

May 19—Tonight Mr. Thorpe kindly came out and gave us a most delightful illustrated lecture on Norway which proved intensely interesting to us all. We were so delighted to get a more intimate knowledge of the country of our Aasta.

May 21—What a glorious time the Seniors had today! At an early hour we all hustled up and got ourselves into riding togs and away we went to accept Betty, Lou, and Barbara's invitation to "breakfast on the rocks." First we had a fine horseback ride, then breakfast, then more riding and fun until a lovely morning passed. We will surely be



eternally grateful to Mrs. Mead and the girls for such a charming time.

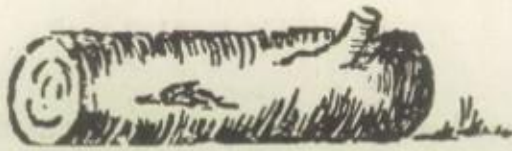
May 26—Our troubles are beginning!!!!

May 28—Today Miss Porter took the Point Log Staff up to Easton to the Beacon House to "tea." As this was an absolutely new place for most of us we were quite curious as to where we were going. We quite approved of it.

May 31—This afternoon all the Faculty and Upper School were invited by Betty Happy, '26, over to her "Kathmere Inn" to a tea in honor of the Seniors. What a delightful time we had at her lovely hotel.

June 1—Miss Gray's party! Our big event! We look forward to this all year long, and always have a most enjoyable time. How does Miss Gray find so many lovely places to take us?

June 2—Commencement!! What can we say—we have been looking forward to this day for many years and of course we are all thrilled but when we think of our "good-byes" and separations—we hardly feel as though it were a "commencement."



The following friends have helped to make the 1932 Log possible:—

MR. AND MRS. B. H. MEAD—The Class of '31

MR. AND MRS. M. F. G. EBERHARDT—The Class of '33

MR. AND MRS. F. W. WOODWORTH—The Class of '35

MRS. CLIFFORD STORK—The Class of '36

MRS. L. Z. SOMMERS—The Class of '37

MRS. F. B. HUNT—Rooms 14, 16, 18, and 19

MISS BLOCKBURGER

MISS PRITCHARD

MLLE. HORN

MISS GRAY

MISS PORTER

MRS. S. B. MAPP

MR. A. L. UTITZ



Autographs



Autographs

